National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVII. NO. 22. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1856. WHOLE NO. 854.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

The Spirit of the South.

A SLAVEHOLDER'S REPORT OF A CONVERSATION WITH GARRISON AND PARKER.

Abridged from the New York Herald of October 7.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
NEW YORK, Sept 23, 1856.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: I herewith send you two letters, written by myself: the one, descriptive of an essay on "Religion, Considered as the Art of Life," delivered by Theodore Parker, at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, the 14th inst., and the other, descriptive of a conversational debate, or controversy, on the slave question, at Mr. Parker's residence, Exeter Place, during the evening of that day, in which Messrs. Garrison and Parker were the disputants, or colloquists, on the part of the North, and your correspondent the sole champion on the part of the South, although young Alabama stood by, strong in moral and intellectual vigour, ready and able, if requisite, to aid South Carolina in the conflict.

These letters were originally designed for the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*; but, as they have unexpectedly expanded into dimensions, rather inconvenient for that wide and capacious sheet and "map of busy life," and as I wish an extended and general circulation of my views, I prefer, and therefore request the publication of my accompanying letters in your widely dispersed and influential journal, which (irrespective of its political or other merits, or demerits), may truly be said to be an "epistle known and read of all men."

RICHARD YEADON.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
NEW YORK, Sept. 21, 1856.

I remained in Boston another Sunday, beyond my original intention, in order to hear Theodore Parker hold forth, at Music Hall, in a tirade—not a sermon—against the South. I accordingly attended on his ministration for that purpose. The spacious hall was well filled (galleries and area), although not crowded, with an audience of both sexes; and among those present I observed one female Topaz on the ground floor, and there were several Ebonies in the galleries. William Lloyd Garrison was seated not far from the saffron maid. On inquiry of a courteous gentleman, named William C. Ford, a Free Soiler—next me, on my left (who gave me much information about Mr. Parker), I learned that Ebony and Topaz were perfectly at liberty to attend Mr. Parker's discourses, in his temple of declamation and equality; but that it was a liberty seldom exercised by them—Mr. Parker's form or mode of religious belief and style of pulpit or rostrum oratory, being, I suppose, little suited to the taste of those descriptions of human jewelry. Mr. Parker spoke from a desk, on the spacious platform, whence the musicians, vocal and instrumental, discourse elegant music during concerts or oratorios, and behind which was a noble statue of Beethoven, "that exquisite composer of magnificent symphonies." There were numerous chairs on the platform, to the right and left and at the back of the speaker, few of which were occupied. When Mr. Parker rose from his seat to commence the services of the day, he stood some five feet ten inches in his shoes, being rather of moderate stature for one who has made such a noise or clatter in the world, at least in the world of Boston, as he has done. His head was bald in front, and at top, and he was duly garnished with whiskers and goatee, but without the abominable and soup-loving moustache. He wore gold spectacles, on a not very prominent nose. His age I should judge to be between forty-five years and a half a century. Mr. Garrison differs not much in stature, but appears to be older than Mr. Parker. He, too, wears gold spectacles, is bald—balder than his friend and coadjutor in warfare against the South—with but remnants of hair behind, and ears standing off from his head. However they may differ physically, and in their *modus operandi*, they are *par nobile fratrum* in intense desire and insane effort to subvert the cherished domestic institution of the South.

[We omit, for want of room, Mr. Yeadon's interesting account of Mr. Parker's religious services.]

I went to Music Hall, expecting and wishing to hear, from Mr. Parker, a strong and bitter philippic against the South and slavery, especially as I had been told by a friend that, on the previous Sabbath, he (Mr. P.) had indulged in a strongly abusive strain against the gallant "caner" of the miscreant and dastard Sumner, and against the South, generally, but, to my no little surprise and disappointment, he was, in the main, and save in a few instances, as mild and refreshing as a zephyr, or "the gentle South" itself—having perhaps, however, only bottled up his Borean and stormy wrath for some other occasion. Of this, however, I cannot undertake to speak advisedly. It is my duty to "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice;" and all that I have to say is that I went to hear a ranting and half-demented fanatic indulge in "sound and fury signifying nothing," against the reviled and hated South; and in lieu thereof, I had my ear charmed with soft and persuasive tones, my literary taste gratified by chaste and eloquent expression, my fancy amused by beautiful imagery and novel illustration, and my mind exercised by much bold and original thought, commingled with visionary theory and dreamy Utopianism.

My introduction and visit to Mr. Parker, at his own house, and my controversy or debate with him and William Lloyd Garrison—with the lions of abolitionism in their very den—I must reserve for, and make the staple of another letter.

RICHARD YEADON.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1856.

INTRODUCTION TO REV. THEODORE PARKER.

The services at Music Hall having been concluded, as narrated in my last letter, I lingered to get a good view of Mr. Parker; and, being offered an introduction to him, I followed him into an apartment across the passage way, between that apartment and the hall in which he had just discoursed, and was presented to him. He no sooner heard my name than he said: "Are you the gentleman that I saw and heard speak at the Plymouth celebration in 1853?" I replied, "Yes, the very man, who, 'with the weakest and feeblest voice you had ever heard from South Carolina, dared to defend slavery on the sacred soil of Plymouth.'" At this he smiled, and I added: "At home, sir, I am thought to have rather a loud and sonorous voice." After some other slight interchange of words, I told him I would like to have some conversation with him, and he thereupon said he would be happy to see me at his house, Exeter place, after 7 o'clock, on the evening of that day.

THE VISIT TO THEODORE PARKER.

At the appointed hour, I proceeded to Mr. Parker's, accompanied by N. H. R. Dawson, Esq., son of the late Lawrence E. Dawson, Esq., and a native of Charleston, but now a resident of Cahaba, Dallas County, Alabama, and a practising lawyer there—a gentleman of high character and talent, cultivated mind and refined taste—who is corresponding with and writing a very elegant series of letters for the Dallas (Ala.) *Gazette*. On arriving at Mr. Parker's residence, we were politely and cordially received by that gentleman, and introduced by him to Mrs. P. and to several other ladies, and to several gentlemen whom we found assembled in the parlour or drawing-room. Among the ladies was Mrs. Garrison and among the gentlemen was the famous Abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, and Mr. J. Z. Goodrich, and Mr. Willis. Mr. Parker assured me that the presence of the gentlemen above named was entirely accidental (his friends being accustomed to drop in, on Sunday evenings, for social converse); but added that he did not regret the occurrence, as they were the very persons he would have selected and invited to meet me.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Introductions being all over, I took my seat near Mr. Garrison, who immediately commenced a discussion with me on the lawfulness, morality and humanity of the institution of slavery, which we both conducted with great vigour and earnestness, and almost exclusively, for some time, Mr. Parker and other gentlemen only occasionally putting in a word.

THE PRO-SLAVERY AND ANTI-SLAVERY DEBATE.

I pressed home on Mr. Garrison the scriptural argument, showing that Jehovah himself, not only sanctioned the pre-existing system of slavery, but actually ordained it among the Jews—his chosen people—as a perpetual institution, authorizing and commanding them to make and to buy slaves of the heathen that were round about them, as a possession and an inheritance for themselves and for their children, or posterity, forever.

[We omit as unimportant Mr. Yeadon's report of his scriptural argument.]

Mr. Garrison was occasionally harsh and severe—I will not say rude—in his manner and his remarks; but I was told he was more than usually temperate in his discussion with me. He expressly charged me (as representing the South, I suppose) with fraud and robbery, both of the slave and himself (as representing the North, I suppose), in compelling him, through our abominable and unprofitable system of slave labour, to pay a much higher price for Southern staples than they could be produced and obtained for, under a system of free labour, which it was our duty to substitute for our present unrighteous, oppressive and fraudulent system, contrary alike to humanity and the eternal principles of justice. I retorted by charging insincerity and hypocrisy on him and his associates, in the abolition movement—telling them that they were, in fact, the supporters and encouragers of domestic slavery in the South, by their consumption of Southern staples and products—that, were they in earnest, they would cease to consume our cotton, rice and sugar; and, were they to give this decisive manifestation of their sincerity, slavery in the Southern States would die a natural death in a very short time. This argument Mr. Parker attempted most sophistically to answer, as follows: "I am no more responsible for, or a supporter of, Southern slavery, by my purchase and consumption of Southern cotton, rice and sugar, than I am responsible for, and a supporter of, Russian serfdom and oppression, by my purchase and consumption of Russian hemp." My reply to this was that the cases were not analogous—that Russian serfdom and oppression depended not on the culture or consumption of hemp for its existence or continuance—that, were hemp not consumed at all, or blotted from the list of agricultural products, this would not abate or influence Russian oppression or serfdom, one jot or tittle, especially among a people who, like the Russians, were in love with oppression and hugged their chains, and held loyalty to their imperial oppressor to be a part of their religion—adding that, as for serfdom, it had been greatly modified and was fast disappearing from Russia, in spite of the hemp culture. Between Southern staples and Southern slavery, on the other hand, there was an intimate connection and dependence, and neither could exist without the other.

I then carried the war into the enemy's country—aye, even to the very gates of Carthage—by exposing the insincerity and hypocrisy of the Abolitionists in practically denying, while theoretically and pretensively yielding, equal political and social rights to the black and coloured race; and insisted that consistency bound them to send black and coloured legislators to Congress and their State Legislatures, to clothe them with the ermine of justice, and to place in their hands the executive baton, and other political offices and distinctions; and, furthermore, to permit them to lead their daughters and sisters, as partners, down both the dance of the ball-room and the dance of life. Turning then pointedly to the female portion of my auditory, I said: "Ladies, are any of you prepared to receive black or coloured persons as your partners in matrimony and for life?" To this Mr. Garrison tartly rejoined that such marriages would bear a favourable comparison with the illicit connections formed in the South between the two races; and I responded: "Sir, I decline to discuss that question with you, in this presence." Mr. Parker then said: "I suppose none of the ladies present, were they at liberty, would be willing to accept black or coloured husbands; but neither would any of them accept, for a husband, a man of eighty years." I replied that, for obvious reasons, there was no analogy in the cases.

I fully explained to Mr. Garrison and Mr. Parker, and to my auditory generally, the meliorations that Southern slavery and Southern slavery legislation had undergone since colonial days—adverting particularly to the substitution and actual enforcement of the death-penalty for murdering a slave, in place of the pecuniary mulct, under colonial legislation, for the same offence, the cheering progress of missionary effort and Christianity among Southern slaves, and the improved humanity of their treatment, together with the kindly and affectionate relations that obtain between the Southern master and his slaves. On these heads generally, I found Mr. Parker disposed to be liberal, but Mr. Garrison, while avowing his entire sympathy with, and credence of, the piteous and often false or exaggerated tales of fugitive slaves, was exceedingly hard of belief, and sceptical as to the truth of my statements, not on the score of my veracity, but on the ground that I was an interested witness, whose testimony ought to be rejected, seemingly in total forgetfulness that his ebony pets were liable to be turned out of court on precisely the same exception. I brought attention to the fact that Southerners made much kinder masters than Northern men or foreigners, who had been accustomed to free labour and its terribly exacting requisitions; and explained this on the double principle that the Northerner or foreigner wanted the sentiment of hereditary or customary attachment to the slave which distinguished the native-born Southerner, and was impatient of the small amount of labour to be obtained from the slave in comparison with that which they were wont to wring from the hands and the sweat of the free labourer. I also casually mentioned, as pertinent to the discussion, that the sentiments of imported Northerners were often mistakenly seized upon, by Northern writers and speakers, as an index of Southern feeling and opinions. For instance, Mrs. Stowe, in copying into her "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," from the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, my report of the trial of a lady of wealth and highly respectable family, for the alleged murder of her slave (which resulted in her acquittal), had disregarded the all-important fact that we had expunged from our statute book, in South Carolina, the colonial mulct for slave-murder, and substituted for it the death-penalty (which was actually enforced in the Winter or Spring of 1853, on two white men, at Walterborough, near Charleston, for killing, with wanton cruelty and shocking barbarity, a poor runaway slave, whom they so disfigured and mangled that he could not be identified, and both his name and that of his owner were, and still are, undiscovered), and cites the speech of the late Col. Benjamin Faneuil Hunt (one of the greatest jury lawyers in his day and generation), in defence of the prisoner, condemning the new and extolling the old law, as a proof of South Carolina sentiment. Now, Col. Hunt was a Northern man, born in Massachusetts, bore the honourable name of Faneuil, one of his ancestors, and was nearly an adult when he settled in Charleston, as a student of law. The distinguished Petigru, a native of South Carolina, yet in his preëminence at the Charleston bar, the colleague and associate of Col. Hunt, in their successful defence of the prisoner, would have scorned to utter the sentiment "or take the position (only professionally assumed, I really believe) of his Northern colleague," on that occasion. So, too, when Mr. Hoar visited Charleston, on his unlucky and unwise mission from Massachusetts, he was waited on by Mr. James Rose and other native-born Southerners, who took along with them Dr. J. B. Whitridge, a highly worthy gentleman and eminent physician, resident in Charleston, but Massachusetts-born, and politely communicated to Mr. Hoar that a mob spirit was fast rising against him, among a certain class of our citizens, which would soon reach an uncontrollable height, and advised him immediately to leave the city, tendering their residences and the hospitalities of their families to the daughters of Mr. Hoar, if his sudden removal should render inconvenient their departure, at so short a notice. This civility and kindness were taken in dudgeon by Mr. Hoar, and he forthwith departed with his daughters, in flaming indignation, converting into insulting expulsion what was meant in kindness and respect. The only approach to violence offered Mr. Hoar on the occasion was by constable Thomas B. Swift, a Massachusetts-born Southerner, who ill-advisedly shook a stick over Mr. Hoar's head, in the street, and ordered him off, under pain of a coat of tar and feathers.

The only, and, as they thought, the sufficient answer to these instances, on the part of Messrs. Parker and Garrison, was that it was additional proof of the evil of the slave system, that it should have produced such an evil effect on Northern men.

I explained to my controversialists the peculiarities of our Southern climate and of the negro race—showing their adaptation, by nature and by the God of nature, to the culture of our soil and of our great staples; that the negro flourishes, is healthy and grows fat and sleek, during the Summer season, on our rice, long cotton and sugar plantations, when the climate and the malarious atmosphere are such that it is death to the white man to pass a night there, from a high bilious congestive fever, a disease from which the negro is exempt; that the Irish ditchers (much more expert at ditching than our negroes) who ditch our plantations in Winter, dare not spend a night on them in Summer; that the negro labourer will strip off the clothing, on the upper part of his body, to toil in the field in mid-Summer, and will throw off his hat or cap and lie down to sleep in the burning and broiling sun (to the white man), without any covering to his head, save its natural wool; that the negro children voluntarily strip themselves naked and lie down to bask, as a luxury, in the Summer sun—all which went to prove that they were fitted and designed, by an all wise and all merciful God, to cultivate the soil of the sunny South for the use of the white man, and to convert the swamp and the morass into the cotton, corn or rice field, and transform what was once (and without slave labour would again be) a howling wilderness, into a smiling paradise. I added that the Summer was the season of health for the negro, and the Winter his period of sickness and death, from pneumonia and pulmonary disease. Mr. Parker admitted the peculiar adaptation of the negro, from colour and other causes, to endure tropical heats; but the other facts, above detailed, seemed to make but little or no impression on him and Mr. Garrison. They insisted, in reply, that the blacks ought to be made to cultivate the soil as free labourers; but I answered that they were naturally lazy and indisposed to labour, and only compulsion could set or keep them at it; and I cited Jamaica and Hayti as instances in point, asserting that both those regions had retrograded in agriculture, and that the latter had relapsed, or was fast relapsing into barbarism, under the unfortunate experiment of African emancipation and self-rule. On this head, my premises were questioned, and of course my conclusion was not admitted by my disputants. But I appeal to what is daily passing in those islands, and to Bigelow's book on Jamaica (although written with the opposite view) to sustain me in my assertion and opinion.

I urged the fact that the gifted Everett (whom Mr. Parker had referred to as authority on some other point) was authority for the position or theory, developed at length and with great force, in his address, a few years since, before the Historical Society of New York, that God was, in his wisdom and providence, working out a great problem by the enslavement of the African race in this country; that the negro race in Africa was still in the same condition of ignorance, barbarism and heathenism, in which it had been found in the earliest period of recorded history; that all efforts to civilize and Christianize the negro, on his native soil, had signally failed, and that the only successful attempt at his enlightenment, civilization and Christianization, had been through the pupilage of slavery in America; and that nowhere else, on the face of the globe, could be presented such a body of intelligent, civilized and Christian negroes as the four millions of slaves in the Southern States.

The main and concluding fact above stated was admitted, but the want of progress in Africa was questioned or doubted, if not denied, and Mr. Everett was disclaimed as authority by Mr. Parker, on the ground that he had ever been a pro-slavery man and an enemy to human liberty.

The horrible slavery of Africans in Africa, and the barbarous manner, in which they were slaughtered by hecatombs to slake the bloody caprice of demon kings, at the present day, as well as in past times, were also commented on, by myself, as palliations of their enslavement in America—especially as illustrated by the Ashantee atrocities, recently narrated by a missionary or missionaries to that benighted region of interior Africa. Mr. Parker admitted the enslavement of Africans in Africa, and mentioned an instance of African captives rejoicing at the discovery that they were to be made slaves instead of being put to death.

I stated that negroes were naturally cruel, and in proof of the position I added that I had frequently been constrained to rescue the negro child from undue and cruel chastisement by the parent, such chastisement as I would have revolted at inflicting myself; and the negro driver, it is notorious, is more severe in the application of the lash than the white overseer. Mr. Parker disputed the position, and gave instances of humanity among negroes, both in Africa and in this country. I should have modified my statement, by explaining that the cruelty, I especially referred to in negroes, was exclusively practised on their own race, and never extended to the white race, towards whom, in the South, at least, they are generally kind and benevolent, notwithstanding their contempt for those whom they call "poor buckra".

I stated that the agricultural slaves of the South were worked less and more comfortably cared for than the white peasantry of the North. In the South, nurses and hospitals were provided for them when sick, and masters were bound by law to feed and clothe them properly at all times, and to provide for them when aged and infirm; and missionaries were engaged in caring for their souls, by Sabbath day and other preaching, catechetical instruction and pastoral visits, in health and in sickness.

I charged home upon the North, and especially on Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the sin and guilt, if any, of introducing, or at least of establishing and perpetuating domestic slavery in the Southern States. Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia, as colonies, had repeatedly remonstrated against the importation of African slaves within their limits, and the institution was forced on them, by the mother country, for her own selfish purposes and profit. Such was the origin of African slavery in the United States, then the colonies of Great Britain. On the formation of the Constitution of the United States, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, and, perhaps all New England, united with the Southern States to prolong the slave trade in the ships of the Union, until the year 1808, and, in the meantime, the South, owning no ships, the vessels of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, chiefly, and doubtless those of Connecticut also, imported slaves from Africa into the Southern States, and exchanged them for Southern money, at great pecuniary profit; and, I added, if they wished now to free the descendants of those whom they had captured "or bought" in their native Africa, and sold into slavery in the South, the least they could do would be to refund the purchase money, or, in other words, disgorge the spoil.

In proof of the good treatment of the slaves in the Southern States, I adverted to the conclusive fact, that, from a very small number comparatively of imported African ancestors, they had multiplied into the vast number of four millions, although the slave trade had ceased under the Constitution of the United States in the year 1808; whereas, in the West Indies, and in Brazil, the slave trade had continued until the present day, and there was an immense decrease of the slave population in those countries, so great was the waste there of human life, notwithstanding a continuous fresh supply, by new importations from the African coast. And how much better their condition as slaves here, when in Africa they were, for the most part, captives of the sword and spear, either to become slaves to ferocious African masters, or to be barbarously put to death; and it is undoubted that whatever charm there may be, to the intelligent and high-spirited Anglo-Saxon, in the name and the thing, liberty, the benighted and degraded African prefers American slavery to African death.

I also contended that history showed the abolition of slavery in New England generally, or at all events, in Massachusetts, to have been a matter of moonshine, and in Connecticut to have been so ingeniously contrived as to make it a source of profit instead of loss.

Mr. Parker frankly admitted that the North or the New England States were greatly to blame for the origin and continuation of slavery in the Southern States, and that there was some palliation for the conduct of the South, but said that this by no means justified the South in itself upholding and continuing the institution. He also admitted the accuracy of my version of the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and that slavery in the Southern States existed in the mildest or least objectionable of forms. He also admitted their extraordinary multiplication among us, as mentioned by myself.

Some conversation ensued between Mr. Parker and myself as to the alleged hybrid character of mulattoes, and their inability to perpetuate their kind, as mulattoes, by continuous intermarriages, or marrying in and in, as it is termed. He mentioned instances of three generations of such mulattoes at the North; but admitted that he, like myself, was only on the inquiry as to this point.

I then opened another field of discussion, and contended that Northern interference and aggression had retarded instead of advancing emancipation in the South; had strengthened the institution and welded the South together, as one man, in its support and defence; that Maryland and Delaware had, at one time, nearly left the Southern fold, but were now back again, where they were before, as members of the Southern flock or family; that Virginia, in 1832, had entertained the question of the abolition of slavery in her State Convention, or Legislature, the Richmond *Enquirer*, under Mr. Ritchie, and the Richmond *Whig*, under Mr. Pleasants, vieing with each other in denouncing slavery as a curse to Virginia, and in clamouring for its abolition, and the measure having narrowly escaped success—but that a coat of tar and feathers would probably now await the man in Virginia who should venture to renew the proposition; that Kentucky, despite the emancipation proclivities of Mr. Clay, so far as his own State was concerned (but not as to the plantation States, for he held domestic slavery to be their unalterable inheritance, so far as human agency went), and of her Ohio border, had tenaciously adhered to the system, and cast her lot, now and forever, with her sister slaveholding States; and that Missouri, although with but 70,000 or 80,000 slaves in a population of 700,000 or 800,000 souls, was so resolute in the maintenance of the institution of slavery as to subject herself to the charge of border ruffianism in its defence and propagation; that all this strengthening of the Slave Power, by rendering the slaveholding States a unit in sentiment and in action, was due to the outside pressure against, and foreign interference with Southern slavery; that the pride and passions of the South had been now roused in defence of an institution, interwoven with their life strings and identified with their homes and their hearthstones—with their Penates and their Lares—and they would never yield it but with their hearts' blood and their lives; that Northern interference had also induced Southerners to probe the question and philosophy of slavery to its profoundest depths, and to discover that it was defensible and justifiable, both on economical and Scriptural grounds; and that, on the latter ground, it was as impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar, or the rock of truth—of divinely inspired and divinely sanctioned truth: that, whereas, the system was once generally held in the South to be an evil and a sin, and was gradually getting undermined, at least in the Southern border States, from causes working within themselves, it was now no longer regarded as an evil, any farther than free labour is regarded as an evil (both of them, however, in God's providence, full of compensations, the former much more so than the latter), or as sin, in any respect; but, on the contrary, as conformable to the revealed will of God, and as a part of the divine plan to effect the great purpose of subduing the wilderness of America to the purposes of civilization, and, perhaps, ultimately of accomplishing the reflex action of civilizing and Christianising barbarous and benighted Africa: that, so long as there was abolition interference from abroad, or outside of the slaveholding States themselves, the institution became stronger and stronger, by the operation of well understood principles of human nature, among which is that of doing nothing on compulsion: that I myself, in early youth, had been ill at ease on the subject of the lawfulness of slavery, and well remembered that, while a student in the South Carolina College, in the year 1819 or 1820, I had commenced a debate, in a college society, with these words: "That slavery is an evil, entailed upon us by our ancestors, is universally admitted;" but that my opinions had long since undergone an entire revolution, and my conscience was wholly at ease on the subject. I now regard it as not short of impiety and profanity to call that sin, which Jehovah ordained and patriarchs practised, and which Christ and his apostles sanctioned and regulated: And that, for this change and revolution, in Southern sentiment and opinion, we were indebted to the Abolitionists, and perhaps more to Messrs. Garrison and Parker than to any other two men living.

Here Mr. Garrison and Mr. Parker both said that I should then thank, rather than denounce them for their course. I answered, of a surety, I did thank them, not for the motive, but for the undesigned result of their interference.

Mr. Garrison then remarked that, nevertheless, if he should go South he would certainly be mobbed or tarred and feathered. I told him he certainly would; and especially if he attempted to inflame the passions of our slaves, or excite their discontent, by the propagation among them of his views. Not that I, or the gentlemen of Charleston, would be a party to such proceedings against him, as I disapproved of Lynch law in any and every form; but that there was in every community a class of citizens, constituting the material of the mob (although less so in Southern than in Northern cities—the peaceable and orderly negro population, in a great measure, filling up, in the South, the space occupied by the white mob population of the North), which could not be controlled, except, perhaps, by the interposition of the military—which I candidly admitted would not be turned out in favour of one in such ill odour with the South as himself.

Mr. Garrison next took up the subject of freedom of discussion, and our denial to our slaves of the right to read and write, saying that no Northern or Southern man would be allowed to discuss the question of slavery in the Southern States. In reply, I proceeded to explain that any one might freely discuss the question in the South, with white people; but that no one would be allowed publicly, or with our slaves, to enter into discussions of such character, or in such manner, or at such time, or with such auditors, as might tend to disturb the peace of Southern society, by whetting the knife of the murderer, or lighting the torch of the incendiary, or otherwise stirring up sedition and mischief, in a class now contented and orderly, and ranked as the best fed and best clothed, and physically the most comfortable, and morally and socially the most religious, and at the same time the merriest peasantry and labouring population in the world: No more than I would be allowed, unmolested, to make my appearance among a numerous gathering of labouring Irishmen at the North, engaged on one of your public works, and to preach up practical agrarianism, sedition and privy conspiracy among them, to the injury and spoilation of private property and the disturbance of the public peace. The answer to this was, that my case was an unsupposable one: and, were it even supposable, I would still be free to speak—a very unsufficient answer, I think, as the case is quite supposable, and not in itself improbable, on the part of some one, in this era of crazy and mischievous "isms"—and I do not believe freedom of speech would be permitted at the North, in such a case, except it were believed that it would be *vox et praterea nihil*. Surely, if practical violence were apprehended as the result of such liberty or licentiousness of speech, the police of either Boston or New York would arrest and nip the mischief in the bud, by the promptest and most active interference.

As to Southern laws against allowing slaves to read and write, I stated that I knew them to be a dead letter in South Carolina (and Mr. Dawson said they were so likewise in Alabama), and I believed them to be so in the entire South; and that, in South Carolina, many leading men were in favour, as I myself was—of wiping those laws from our statute book, as contrary to the spirit of Protestant Christianity, which could not consistently permit the Bible to be a sealed book to any human being, of any colour or any condition. I added I was not only in favour of allowing slaves to learn to read and write, but that I believed no injury could result to us from such a course, as our negroes were a religious and even a superstitious race; and, were they able to read, they would scarcely read anything but the Bible and Hymn Book; and that even incendiary pamphlets would circulate harmlessly among them, by either being unread, or neutralized by the better and holier reading and teachings of the sacred volume. I was asked if it was this last stated reason that had inclined my mind in favour of extending this privilege to the negroes? I answered no, that I hoped I was actuated by a higher motive—the spiritual welfare and eternal interests of the negro.

Here Mr. Garrison remarked that neither the Charleston *Courier*, nor the Charleston *Mercury*, would dare, or venture, to maintain such sentiments. To which I replied that they both would. Mr. Garrison still doubted, but I insisted, and said time should bring him proof of the correctness of my assertion.

I was asked if these opinions of mine, and the progress of missionary effort among the slaves in the South, indicated that either I or the South was acting with a view to the ultimate emancipation of the negro race? I answered, "Not at all. They are wholly irrespective of any such plan, which does not enter at all into my mind or the Southern mind. Domestic slavery is regarded as the perpetual and not unfavourable destiny of the South, unless and until it shall please Providence, at some day, in the very remote future, to extinguish it, or remove it, from our borders, by an exodus greater and as miraculous as that of the Jews."

I stated that the attempted insurrection of 1822 in Charleston was due, as testified by some of the witnesses, and some of the criminals, in part, to the circulation of incendiary abolition pamphlets among our slaves and to the discussions incident to the Missouri question, and intimated that I held Mr. Garrison responsible, in some measure, for that intended but frustrated tragedy, and that it had resulted in legislation, restrictive of emancipation in South Carolina, which could formerly be effected by a similar process before one or two magistrates, but now could only be done, either *inter vivos* or posthumously, by act of the Legislature. Mr. Garrison thereupon set me right as to the chronology of his abolitionism. I think he said it did not commence before 1831 or 1832. I amended the record accordingly, and added that my knowledge of him dated from his editorship of the *Liberator*, which had caused him to be led about the streets of Boston with a rope round his neck and a mob at his heels. He or some one else said, "It was a South Carolina rope." I replied, "Perhaps so, but it was put on by Massachusetts hands," which was assented to.

I asked Mr. Garrison, as a test question, whether, if Massachusetts, like South Carolina, had, within her limits, more black than white people, he would then be in favour of bestowing political and social equality on his sable *protégés*. He said he certainly would. I replied that he was then an honest and consistent Abolitionist, and my opinion of him was, from that instant, somewhat changed for the better; and that, however much I might deplore his errors and delusions, I could still respect an honest Abolitionist; that I did respect Gerrit Smith, for instance, who had proved his sincerity, by pouring out his money like water, for the objects of his mistaken sympathy; but that I thoroughly and cordially despised and detested such men as William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, John P. Hale, and the like, who, I firmly believed, were only using Free Soilism as a means and Free Soilers as tools to accomplish their selfish purposes and objects of unhallowed ambition.

Mr. Garrison admitted, or rather asserted, with some bitterness, that pro-slaveryism, in his acceptation of the term, was yet in the ascendant even in Massachusetts, and as well in the pulpit as in the social and political walks of life; he regarding all as pro-slavery men, who do not go to the extremes that he and Mr. Parker do.

Mr. Parker or Mr. Garrison questioned me as to the disunion proclivities of the South. I replied that, if Kansas, by fair votes, without interference, by either "Border Ruffians" or "Free Soil Ruffians," should form a State Constitution, with a pro-slavery clause in it, and should be refused admission into the Union on that ground, as sure as there was a sun in the heavens, the Southern States would dissolve the Union, at all hazards, and form a Southern confederacy; that, as a Union-loving, conservative Southerner, such a course approved itself to my judgment, and that I might be fairly taken as an index of the sentiment of the Union-men and conservatives of the South; and that, as the South was one in sentiment now, so would it be one in action when the crisis should arrive. Mr. Garrison expressed his high gratification at hearing this, and indeed gloated with delight and even fierce joy, at prospective disunion; and thereupon several voices exclaimed, "the one idea, the one idea," implying that the exclaimers regarded him as a monomaniac on the subject, and that they differed widely from him. He said he would rejoice in any event that would entirely relieve the North of its complicity with the iniquity and guilt of slavery. Mr. Parker did not indicate his views on this point, but I strongly suspect him to be in full sympathy and accord with his friend, Mr. Garrison.

Notwithstanding the ultraism of Mr. Garrison, he declared himself a peace man, and that he is for effecting his purpose of the entire eradication of slavery from the land, only by mild and persuasive means, and by such patient endurance and long suffering as were characteristic of the meek and lowly author of Christianity, and should be equally so of his disciples. In this pacific phase of his abolitionism he styled himself, or recognised himself, as "a Newburyport man" or "Abolitionist," a designation which was not otherwise explained than by its connection with the confession that "his thoughts were turned on peace," and by his reference to Mr. Parker as "a Bunker Hill man," or "Abolitionist," from which I inferred and understood that Mr. Parker's "voice was still for war" in the accomplishment of abolition, by any and every means, however violent or revolutionary.

Fiat justitia—ruat coelum,

is the war cry of the latter, while the former deludes himself with the belief that, by his machinations against Southern rights and interests, he is only promoting "peace on earth and good will towards men." He, doubtless, in "the strong delusion" that is on him "to believe a lie," imagines that, "with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love," he is endeavouring to "keep the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace."—Ephesians, iv, 23.

Mr. Parker questioned me on the statistics of death among the black and coloured population at the South. He seemed to be under the erroneous impression that there is a largely greater mortality among them, and especially among their children, than among the whites, which I told him I did not believe to be the case, as their ratio of multiplication exceeded that of the whites. I informed him, however, that, so far as South Carolina was concerned, there were no reliable statistics in regard to the mortality of slaves out of the cities, as our law, for the registration of deaths and births among slaves, was but of a few years date, and our people had not yet generally conformed to its provisions so as to enable it to yield reliable results. The cases of longevity, in both males and females, however, were numerous, and, on my deceased mother-in-law's plantation, there were, some ten years since, five generations of one family living at the same time, the three eldest of which passed off the stage almost simultaneously. He said the cases of longevity among the blacks were numerous also at the North, and he knew one which had extended to one hundred and forty years—a negro was, or had been, the oldest or most long-lived person in the United States.

The discussion originally commenced between Mr. Garrison and myself, as previously stated, Mr. Parker remaining silent and listening, and occasionally acting as umpire or moderator. Mr. Garrison was impetuous, and, I think, impatient, and so was I, to some extent, and unwilling to let me answer in full, when he put questions to me, interrupting me, and preventing the completion of my answers. I complained of this, and said, "I have never interrupted you when answering my questions." Mr. Garrison said that I had spoken two words to his one, and Mr. Parker, as moderator, ruled that I had often interrupted Mr. Garrison. I acknowledged both my numerical advantage in words, over my disputant, and my frequent interruptions of him, but I held and still hold tenaciously to my position (because it was true), that I had never interrupted him in his answers to my queries. Mr. P. had to interpose more than once to get me the privilege of reply, or to let me have my answer fully out.

After the discussion between the original disputants had closed, Mr. Parker took up the parole, discoursed mildly and eloquently, pouring out a flood of information, statistical and otherwise, and adorning the controversy with many pearls and gems of thought and diction. I regret much that, having taken no notes, I am wholly unable to furnish a fuller report of his interesting remarks, striking illustrations and beautiful language. He received from myself, and from all present, the most profound attention, without interruption, and he yielded me, with an equal display of courtesy on his part, my full alternation of argument. His conduct throughout was that of the perfect gentleman and, at the close of the debate, near the noon of night, I claimed, and was allowed, by him, the credit of having never once interrupted my courteous host. Returning him my warm thanks for his kind reception of myself and my friend, and his uniform courtesy to us throughout the evening; and receiving from him the assurance that he would ever be pleased to meet Southerners at his house, calmly and courteously to urge the great debate, I bade him, his lady and his guests, good night, and returned, with my companion, to our hotel, the Revere House, pleased with the evening's entertainment, and flattering ourselves that the Southern Commonwealth and righteous cause had suffered no detriment, either at our hands, or from those of the adversary, in the conflict of argument.

RICHARD YEADON.

RUFFIANISM RAMPANT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

BARBECUE IN HONOUR OF PRESTON S. BROOKS—HIS SPEECH.

[A great Banquet in honour of Preston S. Brooks, the brutal assailant of CHARLES SUMNER, was given him by his constituents of the Fourth Congressional District of South Carolina, on Friday, Oct. 3, at *Ninety-Six Station*, in the North-western portion of the State—a place famous in the annals of the Revolution. The demonstration was got up at great expense, and it is said that 10,000 people, including a large number of ladies, were present. The Governor of the State, Senator Butler, Senator Toombs of Georgia, and other dignitaries, lent the sanction of their presence and participation in the proceedings. The name of the presiding officer was certainly appropriate—S. V. *Cuine!* On taking the chair, he said:

"We have met to-day to pay merited honour and due respect to our gallant representative in the Congress of the United States; and this demonstration will most assuredly show that we not only have approved of his conduct generally, but these testimonials on my right and left will clearly manifest that we highly approve of that act which he performed on the 22d May last, on the floor of the Senate Chamber of the United States. That, gentlemen, was a noble though daring act. . . . I can say to him here, as the organ of his constituents, that we highly approve of that act, and that we feel ourselves ready and willing to march with you, sir (Mr. B.), to the Capitol in Washington and there demand our rights or leave this Union. We feel, sir, that you have discharged your duty faithfully and fearlessly."

Then came a long speech from Major-General McGowan, ending with the presentation to Mr. Brooks, from the citizens of Abbeyville District—a part of his constituency—of a golden goblet. Gen. McGowan, in presenting this token, addressed Mr. Brooks in these terms:

"Welcome, sir, welcome back to the Fourth Congressional District of South Carolina, whose principles you have so well illustrated, and whose venerable and honoured son you have defended at the peril of your life. The Fourth Congressional District now enrols your name in the long list of distinguished statesmen and orators who have given her renown, and begs me here with one acclaim to give you assurance of a unanimous re-election at an early day to that Congress which we think you worth, and where we intend you shall remain, without fear, favour or affection, or any dread whatever of the consequences. Welcome, thrice welcome, back from the field of strife to the sweet and peaceful bosom of your family, where, under the very shadows of the old Star Fort of Ninety-Six, you may enjoy repose for a short period, and imbibe again the true spirit of the olden time, of which you have shown yourself so noble an exponent. And finally, sir, permit me in the name of the Abbeyville District—a portion of the District which you represent in Congress—to present you

concession to those who had been thirsting to become our masters; and who, if we have not the spirit to meet them half-way, will be our masters. The next mistake was in prohibiting the slave trade after the year 1808. As an evidence of the opinion that I have just advanced to you, viz.: that at the time our Constitution was formed, the people of the South—particularly of Virginia—were indifferent to this subject, and as an evidence that the people of the North then did not make it a question of morality, it is a remarkable fact that upon that provision of the Constitution the men of New England voted against the restriction of the slave trade, and the people of the South went for it. Now, we know that provision is made in the Constitution whereby this matter as to slavery may be ordered in two ways. One is by the action of the two Houses of Congress; the other is by conventions of the people. Now, the effect of prohibiting the slave trade is simply this: while the North has the North-west territory to invite emigration, we of the South (both white and black I mean) were restricted to counting our five negroes as but three. We knew, as everybody now sees, that immigration could not come into competition with slave labour, and the consequence was that all the Immigration went to the North. The effect of that must be that, as time is now developing it, in course of time by natural increase, and by immigration, the North will have the constitutional power which the strength of numbers gives them to change our Constitution, and to abolish slavery if they think proper. The next mistake was in the repeal of the twenty-first rule, by which free negroes and Abolitionists of every hue were authorized to send petitions and papers to Congress, insulting to the Southern representatives and people, and to prostitute the United States Mail to carrying them, and giving them circulation. We believe, at the South, that we pay two-thirds of the revenue of this government. I think it is demonstrable. It follows, therefore, that we, by the repeal of that act, were placed in this condition: we paid two dollars out of every three in that mail were petitions from free negroes to abolish our institutions. In 1820, another most fatal mistake was made. Then it was agreed by Congress that an act of the most glaring injustice should be perpetrated on the people of one half of this Confederacy. We unite with them in a common government for common defence. Money is raised to carry on the operations of that government. We, by purchase or by war, acquire territory. Yet, by the Missouri act of 1820, a line was drawn through territory so obtained, at 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude, and an edict was passed that you of the South should march up to the line and halt, whilst men from the North should travel over the whole domain and carry their property of every description with them. Now, fellow-citizens, apart from the pride of man, which would make you claim your right to go as a freeman wherever the American flag waves, fancy the deep moral stab given to your institutions by having it said to you: "You are not good enough to pass this line, because you own a particular sort of property." I tell you, however, that that is the pervading feeling of the North. You need not tell me about Democrats being altogether right on the subject themselves. The most that they do is to stand by the Constitution. There is an old gentleman from Ohio in Washington who is an Abolitionist, but with the exception of that, he is the best old man I know. He voted for my expulsion, and yet I know he likes me. One evening I was in his room and we began to talk about this subject. I was speaking of the institution of slavery, when he said in his quiet, Quakerly style, "Brooks, thee would be a very good man if thee were not a slaveholder." Now, that is the feeling of the whole of them there—I mean the vast majority.

The next stab, after having your rights assailed and your power weakened, came from the compromise measures of 1850. There a Territory was acquired by a war which New England unanimously repudiated, and conquered by soldiers chiefly from the South, in reference to whom the State of Massachusetts (and I thank God I know of no other people on the face of this wide earth who could utter the sentiment) wished that they should be received with bloody hands and meet inhospitable graves. After the Territory was conquered, those very people, with an impudence and an arrogance only equalled by their presumptuous stupidity, stepped forward and claimed the entire Territory won by our arms. Worse than that. They not only took the Territory acquired by the Mexican war and the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, but they ran a line through a part of Texas, which was acknowledged to be slave Territory, and they hitch it on to the other. Now, that issue, as you all know, agitated the people of this State to the very core. No man in South Carolina doubted that the act was one of injustice and oppression. There was no man in South Carolina who was unwilling to resist the oppression. We differed upon the manner of making effectual resistance—and that was all. I won't go into those measures. I confess to you that whilst I think that the right upon principle was on our side, yet I also think that the enormity was exaggerated. I admit that the people who settled in California had the right to govern California, and I admit that the people who had the enterprise to go there had the right to say to outsiders, "You must not enter into or meddle with our affairs." And if you or I were to form a company and go to Kansas—I put the question to you, would you let any one interfere to tell you what to do? In regard to Texas, although our money was taken for it, the great wrong was done by Texas herself. She made the compact on one side, and the General Government on the other. I think the principle was oppressive enough in that case to justify war and disunion, but I think the hardships were somewhat exaggerated. Now, fellow-citizens, as to the Democratic party, of which I am a sort of a member, and not very much of one, unless voting for Mr. Buchanan, which I shall do, makes me one, I tell you I am doubtful of the Democracy north of Mason and Dixon's line. They will stand by the Constitution, but, catch any one of them in a corner, and ask him if slavery be right, and he will tell you "No." *I tell you a man of that kind is not always to be trusted. I want a man to go the whole hog on that subject.* Now, fellow-citizens, the Democratic party was somewhat responsible—nay, it was to a very great extent responsible—for that act. And yet it is a party with which South Carolina will not affiliate, and I think rightly. The Democratic party has conducted the affairs of this nation, from its organization, with success and glory, and, under its influence, the greatness of the country has increased. Our numbers, our wealth, our commerce, all show us that, with all our abuses, we are a great people. Now, this Democratic party contributed to the last grievance to which I have referred, but it did not under the assurance that justice would be done in future to the South—that practically our interest was not so great in the territory acquired from Mexico as it was in principle, and that they would give us laws afterwards which would be better than the modifications we claimed in those laws. The proposed measures were that they would give vitality and force to that principle of the Constitution which requires fugitives from labour to be surrendered, and farther, they said to us—"Don't resist, don't divide the Union on this issue, and we we will repeal the Missouri restriction line, which, upon principle, is more odious to you than anything in this bill." Now, it cannot be denied that the Northern Democracy, with all their faults, magnanimously, honourably and faithfully fulfilled their pledge. They did give you a Fugitive Slave law, which is now on your statute book. They did repeal the Missouri line, which was an insult to every man south of it. And what has been the effect of it? What has been the effect of the repeal of a restrictive line which a majority of Northern men would have passed had it not got the vote of a man south of the line? What has been the effect of that act of justice, magnanimity and faith in the Democratic party? Why, as my distinguished friend has said, it has raised a howl the like of which was never heard before. Men who have repudiated the line—who rejected it twice when it was offered to let it run out to the Pacific—who have panted and thirsted for territory—aye, every part of the territory south of the line—these were the men who raised the cry of plighted faith, disappointed honour, and broken compact. And of these pacific gentlemen, one whom it was my misfortune to sit by in the House of Representatives, did, within three days, as I know of my own personal knowledge, originate a paper which was ultimately the basis of the organization of the Kansas Emigrant Aid Society. To that they threw in their contributions and soon raised a large fund. And to do what? To defeat the provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which contains the very principle upon which the American revolution was fought—the right of the people to decide local questions for themselves. They contributed money to send out emigrants to resist that law—to act in contravention of a statute law of Congress; and men, members of the House, Representatives who had sworn on the word of God, to support the Constitution, undertook of their own act, as members of the House, and with their oaths still upon them, to inculcate treason upon those they could dupe. They sent out the rag-tag-and bobtail of the lowest classes to be found in the purlieus of their cities; and what was the result? Why, the people of Missouri welcomed them kindly; they gave them everything to add to their comfort They waxed fat upon the generosity of the Missourians. But they had their work to do. They commenced threatening on the Missouri border what they would do to the Missourians who should venture on coming over to Kansas with slaves. Now, those are the men who are responsible for every act of violence that has been or that may be done in Kansas. And yet these enormities are perpetrated by them in the name of the Most High God, and the sanctions of religion are invoked to bless them. Not content with that, after being fairly beaten at an election where the will of the people was honestly taken in regard to the subject of domestic slavery, they contest the seat, in the House, of General Whitfield, who is the pro-slavery candidate. These Free Soilers send the Governor of the Territory, a wretch named Reeder, to contest Whitfield's seat, and upon the ground, not that Reeder had got a majority of the votes, but that the Legislature which had ordered the election was, itself, an illegal body. And yet that Governor, as the representative of the authority of the United States, and commissioned to order that election, had certified, under his own hand and seal, to a quorum of that Legislature, that they were legally elected. General Whitfield, however, because he was a pro-slavery man in sentiment, was denied his seat and refused admission to his place on the floor of the House. He was there, it is true, for a little time, but did not retain his seat. On the other hand, his contestant was permitted to draw his *per diem* as a member, although he did not get one in a hundred votes. Thus your money was taken, by a contemptible party trick, to pay Reeder, solely because he was opposed to Whitfield, who was pro-slavery in his sentiments.

Again, it was found that by chance the Presidential election, which devolves on the successful party the distribution of $80,000,000, might come into the House. The danger arising from the vote of one State might therefore be all in all. The casting of a single vote of one man of one State might be equally momentous. Accordingly they trump up an excuse that Allen, of Illinois, had some informality in his election, although it was proven to every honest mind that he was fairly elected. Yet, lest he should cast his vote for Buchanan, they ejected him from the halls of Congress, and sent him whistling back to Illinois. Now, fellow-citizens, their chief act was in regard to myself. I thought proper to violate the laws of the land as providing against the commission of assault and battery. I knew I was amenable to the Court. I thought I would be fined, and I thought I would have been put in jail. I would have submitted. I did submit. According to the strained idea of it, I possibly invaded the sanctity of the Senate. I do not believe myself that when the Senate is not in session, the Senate House is any more sacred than your Court-house when the Court is adjourned. But what did they do with me? They take me from the jurisdiction of the Senate, whose laws, authority and dignity I am said to have violated, and not theirs, and they bring me into the House of Representatives. Why? Because they knew that the Senate would not censure me: because they wanted to get me into their own fangs in order to make political capital out of it. Do you believe that if Charles Sumner had given me a caning, they would have arrested him and tried him? No; they would have sung psalms of glory over it. The most stupid thing I ever knew was that there was not some man who had sense or pluck enough to fight. There never was so strong an inducement for a man to offer himself to be shot at since the world began; and I really thought there was some man among them who, from pride or ambition, would have incurred the risk.

Now, fellow-citizens, it is impossible to make a speech on a political question without going into that subject which is now *the* politics of the country. We have no politics but the nigger; and it is impossible correctly to understand that and your own relations to it, unless you go somewhat into its history, the different causes affecting it, and the different ways in which we have lost in it. I have gone over this. I have shown you what you have lost of political power, of moral power—of the moral force of numbers, of the force of moral sentiment—of that power which, if I may so express it, grows by its own action—of the power which a heavy body has over a light one—of the power, which, like the snow-ball, accumulates by its rolling motion—of the power, in short, of a concentrated public sentiment. Now, these Northern agitators call themselves Free Soilers, and think it a great compliment themselves Free Soilers, and think it a great compliment they are not Abolitionists. *Well, I hate them just as much as I hate Abolitionists. Nay, worse. I hate them worse than I hate the rattlesnake, for, unlike it, they give no warning of their approach, and seek to conceal their objects.* Free Soilism! Why, they had better say Abolitionism. If they would tell us right out plainly, that they are going to abolish Slavery, every man of us would stand to his rights. But they say, "No, we will not interfere with the rights of the States." They are States Rights men, as they impudently tell us, but yet they will stop you where you are. They will increase and extend, while you will droop and wither, until they get power enough to change the goverment, to alter your institutions, to crush your power, and finally declare you outlaws if you continue to hold your property against the laws which they will enact. They will reduce you in time to this, bear in mind, that you will either be forced to run away from your negroes, or to be put on an equality with them, or to put them to the sword. They tell us they are States Rights people. Why, they would put a cordon of fire round about us, and let slavery, like a Scorpion, sting itself to death. When I think of their repeated violations of the Constitution, and carry it down to the condition and conduct of the House of Representatives in regard to Whitfield and myself, I feel like exclaiming with the agonized Moor of Venice: "I would rather be a toad and live on the vapour of a dungeon, than keep a corner in the thing I love for other men's uses" (applause). If they proceed in the line of march they have begun we will soon have a corner, and only a corner, for the use of Northern manufacturers and Northern shipmen—our strength being ground out of us by the trickery of a tariff. They talk about philanthropy, when their poor-houses are filled with white labourers forced to work. What more do we with our labourers? They have poor-houses in every district; and people who cannot work, or don't work, they do not care for. Now, our institution is more than that. It is a grand poor-house where a separate people take charge of an inferior race, direct their energies enable them to support themselves, and take care of their social wants. Talk about their wants! If my friend of Georgia, here (Mr. Toombs), wanted to manumit his slaves to-morrow, and having effected his object legally, were to bring them to Boston, do you think they would receive them there? "No," they would say, "we don't want any of them." But let them be told they were runaway niggers, and they would welcome them with open arms. If they would even abolish slavery, five negroes would be equal to five white men, and we would get the start of the Government in the House. Now, fellow-citizens, things are waxing to a point. It was fashionable once, in certain quarters, to ridicule that greatest man that our State ever produced, by substituting in the place of the word Calhoun, the word "crisis." I tell you in the name of Mr. Calhoun that a crisis is coming, and that it is upon us in the year 1856. I don't mean to say that blows will be struck or blood shed in the year 1856; but circumstances will take that ground. They will take that shape, and they will settle upon those principles which will inevitably lead to it, if we have the spirit which I believe we have. What are we to do? What is our condition? With an institution forced upon us first by England, and contrary to the remonstrances of Virginia, forced upon us by the Free Soil States of the Union, who sold off to us before they became philanthropic, and which has become a part of our society, what are we to do? What are we to do when we are told by the dominant party at the North—the party which has charge of the House of Representatives, and which is the rankest compound of villanous isms that ever offended the nostrils of any man—that their first measures will be to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, to prohibit the carrying of a slave from Georgia into Alabama, from North Carolina into South Carolina to pass laws providing that no other slave State shall ever be adopted into this Union; that all the Territories unorganized shall be organized as Free Soil Territory? Now, are you going to remain quiet under all this? With your money and your blood expended for territory cast into the Free Soil scales, are you going patiently to wait until the Free Soil yoke is put upon yourselves? Fellow-citizens, you are not going to do it. The people of the South are not going to do it. In 1850, I told my friends—and it was the only prophecy of mine that ever was fulfilled—that they need not be alarmed about an issue; that issues would come as fast as blackberries in the Spring-time, and stronger ones than we had then. We have the issue upon us now, and how are we to meet it? I tell you, fellow-citizens, from the bottom of my heart, that the only mode which I think available for meeting it *is just to tear the Constitution of the United States, trample it under foot, and form a Southern Confederacy, every State of which will be a slaveholding State* (loud and prolonged cheers). I believe it, as I stand in the face of my Maker—I believe it on my responsibility to you as your honoured representative, that *the only hope of the South is in the South, and that the only available means of making that hope effective is to cut asunder the bonds that tie us together and take our separate position in the family of nations.* These are my opinions. They have always been my opinions. *I have been a disunionist from the time that I could think.* But no one State can dissolve this Union. I think, in due deference to friends who have more mind, as much patriotism, and as much good feeling for their fellow-men as I have—I think, I say, that the separate action of any one State would retard the movement. Our friends have told us to make the issue, and the others in self-defence would be constrained to come to us. Why, I have heard some of them tell us that the South will submit if Fremont be elected. Now, if that be so, how in the name of God will they come to us if Fremont be elected? No one State in this Union can break it up; and I would not risk a failure; let us wait like a good soldier who reserves his fire until he can see the white of his foe's eye, and then lodge the ball where it will be most fatal *We must have the coöperation of the South.* We must have the sympathy and the aid of the States interested with ourselves. Their moral support is worth more to us than the soldiers they will send in. Let South Carolina stand, in the language of a gentleman whom I have always known to be a patriot, and who has more talent than he gets credit for—"Let South Carolina stand as an armed knight with his lance couched, and not a feather quivering in his plume." One of the most touching, and I think, one of the most solemn incidents in Roman History is the account of the interview between Coriolanus and his mother. He had been unjustly, deliberately, and cruelly expelled from his native city. He took refuge with her enemies, and by his merit reached the command of their armies. He appeared before the walls of Rome as the commander of the hostile forces and reduced her to the last extremity. In their agony they sent his mother to him. She bowed her gray hairs at the feet of her conqueror son, and implored him, by the tender reminiscences of his infancy and his childhood, the purity of his fame, and the honour of his mother, to spare the city where he was born. He then embraced the breast that had nursed him, and with a bursting heart said: "My mother, you have saved Rome, but you have lost your son!" And glory to the man who, on such an occasion, could stifle the promptings of ambition, repress the feelings of vengeance, and do right because it was right, and give to the world such an example of personal heroism, and keen appreciation of the highest of all human virtues—love of the mother who bore him, and of the country in which he was born. If the sovereignty of a State could be embodied in human form and proportions, I, in imitation of the mother of Coriolanus, would go as Ambassador to our sister, Georgia, and throwing myself at her feet, I would implore her by the glories of her past history, by the hopes of her future, by the chivalry of her men, the purity of her women, the pride of birth, and the honour of knighthood and true manhood, to rise like a giant from the lethargy into which the red devils and the black devils have charmed her, and strike a blow for Southern independence and liberty, and thereby in mercy, save the South (loud cheers). I am reminded that it is noble men who constitute a State. Knowing the patriotism, and having felt the power of the eloquence of my distinguished friend (Senator Toombs) from Georgia, who has honoured and complimented me by his presence on this occasion, I almost feel like making my appeal to him. I know his influence with the people he represents; I know his power wherever he may be, and I would to God that I could hear that clarion voice of his on this national issue, as I once heard it in a personal issue, when a blow was struck for Southern independence; as it will yet be struck more successfully, and when he clapped his hands and exclaimed, "it is at the right time, and in the right place!" (Great cheers).

Now, fellow-citizens, I have told you very frankly and undisguisedly that I believe *the only hope of the South is in dissolving the bonds which connect us with the Government—in separating the living body from the dead carcase.* These are my opinions. They cannot be carried out by us alone. I know it—I feel it. As a sensible man it is left for me to take the next best course. What is it?

In the first place, let me tell you, *I don't believe in any sort of Democracy.* If I was the commander of an army *I never would post a sentinel who would not swear that slavery is right.* But we must take things as we find them. Neither you nor I can have the right always done in our private domestic relations. We cannot make the wife do just as we want her on every occasion (laughter, especially among the ladies). We must, I repeat, take things as we find them. I am willing to give the Democrats a fair trial of their experiment. I shall vote for Mr. Buchanan; and when I say that, you know I have got no vote. I shall support him honestly, and fairly, and zealously. I shall do it, however, exactly as a good-hearted physician continues to give medicine to a patient when he knows he is dying. If he is a kind man he cannot wound the family feelings by refusing to do so. He is willing to make the trial and take the chances, although he knows in his heart that *it cannot do one bit of good. Now, I know that is the case here.* I will act the part of a good-hearted physician to the Democratic party, I will give them Buchanan pills; and if they do them no good, I shall console myself by the reflection that I have done my duty. I am obliged to vote for him. His opponents are Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Fremont. Now, Mr. Fillmore is privately a very respectable gentleman. He made a good President; and I believe, sincerely, that, if elected, he would desert his own party and make a better President than we think. But that is the very thing I don't want. I am afraid he would do so well that he would throw back the prospects of disunion. But take his doctrines. Well, he is a Know-Nothing. I don't care anything about that. It is a dead cock in the pit. I never had any connection with it. It blinded a few for a time, but as soon as they rubbed their eyes they saw clearly again. *I don't care anything about it. I have got but one issue; and that is the negro.* Any man who is a friend to the rights of the South I will trust, I don't care what he is. Now, Fillmore is a Free Soiler. He is opposed to the extension of slavery. His first vote in Congress was in relation to slavery in the District of Columbia; the next was against the annexation of Texas, which gives us one State. Then there is General Rusk. He is a statesman and a gentleman. Then there is General Houston. He is a good old fellow—and that is all. Mr. Fillmore is brought forward as the opponent of the party by whom the Missouri Compromise was repealed. His friends lay great stress on his having approved the Fugitive Slave bill. Why, he could not help it. He had taken an oath to support the Constitution. In addition to that he had bound himself by a solemn pledge to his party not to veto any bill which they should say in their judgment to be constitutional. They decided that that was constitutional, and he approved it. There was no great merit in that. I cannot vote for him.

Will I vote for Colonel Fremont? Some say he is a South Carolinian. (Cries of "Oh, no.") That is about as debatable a question as where Sir John Franklin died and was buried. But suppose he was a South Carolinian. He has gone over to the enemy, and his sole recommendation to them is his treason to the home of his birth and the scenes of his childhood. Any man who is insensible to those associations is not to be trusted. In addition to that I have an irresistible and unconquerable prejudice against voting for a Frenchman. Now, his mother was a Virginian. It is said she married a man there of the name of Pryor. No, she was a Miss Pryor. She married somebody; I don't know whom. It was not Fremont though. Fremont was the father of this man; but Fremont was not the name of the mother's husband. Fremont was a Frenchman who never took the oath of allegiance to this Government. He never dissolved his connection with his former Government. Now, by the 13th article of the French Code, a native of France who marries a foreign woman makes his wife take his nationality; and by the 10th article the child of that marriage takes the nationality of his father. According to that rule, John C. Fremont, the great Rocky Mountain explorer and rival of Kit Carson—the man who deserted his section, who is the head and front of Free Soilism, and Northern candidate for the Presidency, is either, in the language of the law, *nullius filius*, or else he is a Frenchman. I cannot vote for him. Now, the other choice, and the only choice, is Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan was not my choice, and most of you know it. I went for Franklin Pierce—that man whose fame will increase as time grows old—that son of New Hampshire, who has been true to the South because he has been true to the Constitution—that man who has exercised the veto power with the discretion of a Washington and the nerve of a Jackson (applause). He was my choice. Next to him, I went for the giant of the West—that well-tried patriot, who goes through the crowd of abolition like a thunder-bolt to its mark, resistless, penetrating, all-conquering. They gave me James Buchanan. I shall support him cordially. I don't believe that his election will prevent the issue, it will merely postpone it. I object that far to his nomination, that I want the issue made, I want it made now, when I, in the prime of my manhood, can assume a share in the responsibility and the danger of it—a duty which, by every consideration of manhood and honour, your kindness has imposed upon me. Suppose we elect Mr. Buchanan. I tell you, fellow-citizens, Abolition is hydra-headed, and his election will bring about a truce, but it will not give us peace. For four years more they will make head and front against you. Now, it behooves us to look a little beyond. Let us all come up and vote for Mr. Buchanan, of course. Let there be no divisions in the South. Horace Greeley's paper contrasted the votes of my previous regular election with my last extra election, and it found out that there were 1,257 who did not vote on the last occasion. Instead of making allowance for sickness, for indifference and for the fact that, as I had no opponent, the people knew I would be elected at any rate, he argues, with the ingenuity of a Black Republican, that there were 1,257 voters in my Congressional district who disapproved of my act, and were therefore to that extent tainted with Free Soilism. Now, fellow-citizens, I want the South to come square up to Mr. Buchanan. Let us do our whole duty. Let us test the experiment of our friends; and if it fails, then we can with the more grace ask them to adopt our counsels for the future. I tell you that the issue must be made. *I am by no means confident of the election of Mr. Buchanan. I think it probable that John C. Fremont may be the next President.* With the platform upon which he goes into power, with $80,000,000 at his control, with the Army and Navy at his command, what is to be done to you when all these elements of power are in the hands of a dangerous, bad man? Now, fellow-citizens, I say this in justice to myself and my friends. I have got friends here between whose opinions on politics there is a shade of difference, and a decided shade. I am not going to commit them. I am not going to commit the State of South Carolina. I am not going to commit my Congressional District. I speak as a man—as a private gentleman—as a slaveholder; and I tell you that our hope is alone in the South, and the only mode of making that hope available is *for the South by some act to effect the dissolution of the American Union.* And I say this, that if John C. Fremont is elected President of the United States, our people ought to have sense enough to know that the issue is upon them, and cannot be avoided. When that difficulty is upon you—and I believe you will avoid it to the very verge of honour—and you are compelled to meet it, take the philosophy of Shakspeare, and, "from the nettle, danger, pluck the flower, safety." Go and meet it half way and you rob it of its terrors. And as this dissolution is to come, I think you ought, as sensible men, take a running start, and hit the first blow. Now, fellow-citizens, I do not care what may be the effect at the North; we have good friends there. There are good men there whom I love and respect—men who are patriots; but I tell you they are but a white spot on the pavement of black—but an oasis in the desert. I speak on my individual responsibility; *if Fremont is elected President of the United States, I am for the people in their majesty rising above the law and leaders, taking the power into their own hands, going by concert or not by concert, and laying the strong arm of Southern freemen upon the Treasury and Archives of the Government* (applause). I speak for myself; *I do not say what I do not intend to do.* If you, people of the Fourth Congressional District, 50, 100, 500 or 1,000 of you, intimate to me that you want me to go with you, my life, my fortune, my reputation shall be at your service. I have even now men in my eye who are soldiers, and who have been tried. I see here Col. Gladden and Major McCullom, and I tell you that their patriotism will rise superiour to their pride. If you say you want me to go, humble as I am, and superiour as they are to me, I am ready, and I know their patriotism will call upon them to take, if it must be, a subordinate command in doing their duty (loud applause).

Fellow-citizens: You will now excuse me for alluding to a personal matter. You have seen that I have received the honourable distinction of repeated nominations through the press of the State, and by private letters from most distinguished citizens, to the office of Governor of South Carolina. It is an office which might reasonably satisfy the ambition of any man. It would be one peculiarly agreeable to me as successor to my distinguished friend (Gov. Adams) who now, with so much honour to himself and utility to the State, fills the Gubernatorial chair. But, fellow-citizens, my first duty is to the people of the Fourth Congressional District. They are my neighbours; they are my friends. They took me up independently and elected me, as I look back to it, almost by a miracle. I can never forget the obligation I owe to them. I have endeavoured to test the feelings of my constituents, and it is a remarkable fact that I have not found one man of any grade or degree, high or low, who does not tell me to remain where I am. That is conclusive. Your will, my friends, is law to me. I will continue to serve you in my present capacity; and I say to you, with the deepest gratitude and the fullest sincerity, that I desire no prouder honour, no higher distinction, than to be the representative of the intelligence, the patriotism and the virtue of the old Ninety-Six District (applause). Fellow-citizens, allow me, with some doubt as to the delicacy of it, to make another personal allusion. Some of my warm-hearted, hard-fisted, plain friends have told me, with that frankness and sincerity which more than compensates for the want of social accomplishment in that sphere of life where I have always found my warmest and truest friends, that, in the language of Scripture, *he who thinketh he stands should take care lest he fall.* From the bottom of my heart I thank them for the admonition. It is the wisdom of life. And I say to them and to all of you, that no man need be afraid that the compliments which have been showered upon me, and which are so undeserved on my part, whilst they are so munificent on yours, will turn my head. I will discipline my soul in the school of humility, and instead of being elevated and blinded by pride, which soon has its fall, I shall have every energy of my nature—every power and faculty of both mind and body more stimulated to promote the honour, the interests and the glories of good old South Carolina (loud applause).

Senator Toombs, of Georgia, followed Mr. Brooks, fully endorsing his assault upon Mr. Sumner and the scheme for dissolving the Union in the event of Fremont's election. Senator Butler also spoke, and said:

"Sooner than see Fremont take control of the national revenue and the sword of the Army, he (Judge Butler) would advise the people of the South to rely on their State Governments: and he thought every Governor in the Southern portion of the United States would feel bound to call the respective Legislatures together, so that each Legislature should send from its own numbers delegates to a General Conference to be held at some time and place designated. The delegates should confer together, each giving a proper representation of the perils threatening the section of country represented by him. Then, if their deliberations should not result in anything effectual, and they should be disposed to acquiesce finally in an Administration aimed at their destruction, they deserved the fate of slaves."

Mr. Adams, Governor of South Carolina, being called upon, said that the act of Brooks in caning Sumner "exhibited the three unities of the Greek drama—time, place, action." He added:

"There was one feature which distinguished it from all other Congressional fights. It overshadows the effect of anything similar. The pulling of General Jackson's nose by an indignant officer of the navy was nothing compared with the storm which had been evoked by Mr. Brooks. Why was this? Why went there up from the North a howl about a breach of the privilege of free speech? Why did Congress single it out, and seek to disgrace your representative before the people? It was because the parties to that conflict stood before the country as living embodiments of the sentiment of their respective sections. Your representative was planted in the right way and in the right place. Freedom of debate is not freedom to use licentious and blaspheming words. May South Carolina never need a champion to follow the course of your representative."

A letter was also read from Senator Mason, of Va., in which he said:

"Should a dominant sectional vote be directed to bring into power those pledged in advance to break down the barrier interposed by the compact of federation, for the security of one section against the other, then, in my calmest judgment, but one course remains for the South: *Immediate, absolute, and eternal separation. Better, far better, to stand towards the Northern States as we stand to the rest of the world—'Enemies in war, in peace friends'—than to remain halting under a common government, enemies under the guise of peace, or friends at war.*"

The Charleston *Mercury*, in commenting upon the meeting, says:

"It was one of the largest assemblages ever gathered in South Carolina; and, from all that we have heard, it was an assemblage of Disunionists—of thinking men, who are convinced that the preservation of this Union is impossible. There was but one voice in this great assemblage—*the Dissolution of the Union is necessary to our salvation.*"

It would seem, however, that the people of Charleston are not as zealous for disunion as the *Mercury* thinks they ought to be; for it adds:

"We are, in Charleston, comparatively dead to a sense of the depth and form of this resistless feeling in the country. We are smothered here in the atmosphere of trade, and of a thousand local interests and petty contentions; but in the freer air of the country, they know and see that there is a great conflict raging, involving all their dearest interests—involving the very structure of society; and that the only policy compatible with manhood and promising success, is boldness. In the words of DANTON, 'What we need is to DARE! and again to DARE! and ever to DARE!'"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

THE POSSIBILITY OF DISSOLUTION.

OUR inestimable Dublin Correspondent (may he live a thousand years and write for us all the time!) says in his last letter that he thinks it would be well for us to show the people of the North the way out of the Union with the South in which they find themselves. We differ from him as to the importance of this showing, as we do with the opinion of his worthy visiter from America, that a Dissolution of the Union "is simply impracticable." The *London Times*, no longer ago than last month, called on the Hon. Josiah Quincy to show the slaveholders how to get rid of their slaves before urging the North to free itself from the political subjugation which the toleration of slavery has brought upon it. We rather think that that venerable gentleman will not concern himself to reply to this demand of the Thunderer, any more than we Abolitionists have for the last quarter of a century to the exigent importunities of slaveholding and pro-slavery philosophers to disclose "our plan," to explain "our method," to show "how it could be done." We have always regarded it as the very essence of our plan, that we had *no* plan—the very secret of our method that we had *no* method. Our plan and our method might be very easily pulled to pieces, while our principle, which we have never ceased from preaching, in season and out of season, that it is a crime against God and man for one man to hold another man as a piece of property, has gradually laid hold of the general heart, and is at the bottom of the revolution in which we now find ourselves, in spite of the pains taken by selfish politicians to show that the wrongs of the blacks have no part nor parcel in the matter, but that it is all a conflict of selfishness between Northern and Southern white men.

The particular *modus operandi* in relation to any proposed Reform is a thing that cannot be laid down with exactitude in advance. Men take care of the details fast enough as soon as they have made up their minds as to the thing in general—either as a thing best to be done or as one that can no longer be avoided. The Abolitionists cannot undertake to show exactly how the Union, by virtue of which Slavery expands and burgeons, is to be broken in twain. All they can propose to demonstrate is that it is an evil partnership which was wicked in its inception and has been mischievous during its whole existence, and which ought to be broken up because it does not do the good it proposed to do, while it produces evils which it was never thought possible could spring from it. We hold that a partnership between thieves on the one part, and honest men on the other, which binds the honest men to seize and send back the stolen property if it be found on their premises in the possession of the lawful owner, which obliges them to lend their superior physical force to put down the rightful proprietors if they undertake to vindicate their rights by arms, and which gives to the thieves a predominance in the direction of the affairs of the partnership in proportion to the amount of their stealings, we say that we hold that such a partnership is a criminal transaction *ab initio*, and that the first duty of the honest men is to get out of it as fast as they can. Of course, it makes the case only the stronger that the stolen goods consist of the body and soul of a human being, which somebody else besides himself and his Creator has the impudence to say belongs to him. Our business is not to indicate the way in which this partnership can be dissolved with the least possible inconvenience to both parties, and particularly to the thieves, but to denounce its iniquity first and to show its mischiefs to the honest men afterwards, in order to make the honest parties ready for the abandonment of a scheme that only brings crime, disgrace and injury to themselves.

We feel the less inclined to vex our brains with the consideration of the ways and means of Dissolution, in which we should be altogether likely to go wrong, instead of adhering to the enunciation of the principle, in which we are sure of being right, because the time is not yet come for considering them, and when it is come they will summarily take care of themselves. We totally differ from the excellent friend of Mr. Webb in the opinion that Disunion is "simply impossible in the nature of things." We believe, on the contrary, that any prolonged existence of the present Union, under its present circumstances, is the social, political and moral impossibility in the case. Union requires some measure of unanimity. If our admirable Correspondent will read the extracts from the Southern papers which we copy weekly into THE STANDARD, he can judge for himself whether Dissolution be "opposed to the opinions and prejudices of everybody in the Union, except the Garrisonians." Undoubtedly there is much gasconade and Bobadilism in what the Southern papers say on the subject, and that it is only intended for intimidation. But it is not reasonable to infer this of all that utter this opinion—where it is the only one expressed by all public men, and every press and every public body in the Southern States. We do not hope for so blessed an event as that the Southern States should withdraw in case they cannot have everything their own way. We think they will have several sober second thoughts before they do anything so manifestly suicidal; but we cannot doubt that there is a large class of persons there who contemplate it as a desirable thing—as a gratification of their passions if not a political or pecuniary advantage—as revenge, at least, if not victory.

Thus much for one side of the partnership. As to the other, no one conversant with the state of public feeling at the North can fail to have observed the prodigious change which has come over the Northern people of late years—and especially of late months. One can hardly find a man, not a committed Democrat or Fillmoreite, that does not speak of a Dissolution of the Union as a desirable alternative, if the slaveholders cannot be at least stopped where they are now. Mr. Speaker Banks, before he was Speaker and when he probably did not dream of the political prominence he has attained, spoke the sentiments of vast and increasing multitudes of Northern men when he said that, in this very contingency of inevitable slaveholding supremacy, he was ready "*to let the Union slide.*" To be sure, he showed us here in New York, the other day, how like a trading politician of one stripe is to a trading politician of another, and how soon he can change face from the North to the South when he thinks it will answer his purposes; but the sentiment he expressed away down in Maine, out of sight of the Speaker's Chair and still farther from the prospect of the White House, is strongly felt by growing thousands and tens of thousands all over the free States. Mr. George R. Russell, of Massachusetts, a man of fortune as well as of talent and education, who has always kept aloof from political strifes, speaks for multitudes even of his class, whose public spirit and sense of personal honour have not been smothered under selfish fears for their money-bags; as may be read in the following passage from his admirable letter to a Republican Meeting at Providence.

"Constitution and Union are preached to us by the South whenever we show any symptoms of restlessness, and we are whipped back to obedience by those who are continually repudiating the one and threatening to break up the other. We have begun to suspect that some monstrous villany is on foot whenever the tocsin of disunion is sounded. The doleful death-knell, though so often changed, still falls alarmingly on the ear, and we look anxiously about us, not for the breaking up, but to see what fraud is coming. If the Union is a scourge to drive us, or an opiate to lull us into forgetfulness of everything manly; if self-respect, individual rights, national honour, are to be sacrificed; if we are to be wronged out of everything and insulted for remonstrating; if there is nothing left to us but the name of Liberty, and we are mere accomplices to an outrageous and fearfully increasing despotism, it is time to weigh the value of a bargain the advantages of which are all on one side. I know that it is customary at public meetings to fall back on the Union and its boasted priceless benefits, to smother every cry of indignation by a holy horror of breaking the bonds which connect us with the slave States. So long as this continues, we shall be cheated and insulted, and our desperate attempts at Union-saving will, as usual, be treated with scorn and contempt."

The country is coming over to us quite as fast as we could expect. Of course, it always looks as if the green bay tree under which we have grown up must endure forever; yet it passeth away and, though we seek it, it is not to be found. A hundred years ago, what seemed more unlikely than the separation of the Colonies from England? And yet in twenty years it was done. The same argument of mutual dependence was urged in that case as in this, and with much greater look of force. But the laws of political economy are better understood now than then. We know that commodities will flow to where they are wanted from where they are raised, in spite of any barriers interposed between producers and consumers by Nature or by men. England is ten times more dependent on the Southern States than the Northern half of the Union for the supply of raw material, for she uses ten times as much as we do, and the intercourse between the commercial States and England is almost as great as that they have with the slaveholding States. And yet we are no longer one Empire. So it will be after the separation of the United States into their two natural divisions. Whatever interdependence for good exists now will exist then and will produce its natural results. We affirm that the only just and honest thing the Northern States can do, as regards the Slaves, is to take away the physical and moral support their Union with the masters gives them. This we demand as a thing of absolute right, without regard to the effect it will have upon the condition of the Slaves. But we know that the withdrawal of the North from the alliance with the Slavemasters would be as sure, though not perhaps as speedy, destruction to Slavery as the removal of the French troops from Rome would be to the Papal power. We know, too, that a Coalition (for it has never been a Union) of such hostile elements as Freedom and Slavery cannot, in the nature of things, endure forever. The ebullition now going on in the national mind is an effect of moral chemistry produced by the natural warfare of these two elements. We think it will take more than the chemic art of Mr. Banks, skilful political conjurer though he be, to bring them back out of the furnace just as they were before they went into it. The fermentation must go on, let this coming election go as it may, and it can never stop until the South has thrown off the North, or the North thrown off the South. Revolutions are never cyphered out—they burst out. They do not come of calculations, but of passions. The bands that hold together this Union are altogether too weak to withstand the tempestuous fury of the passions that now sweep over the country. The signs of an impending Revolution are all around us. Or, rather, we are living in the midst of one. We know that it ought to have but one event, and we believe that it can have none other.

WHERE WE STAND.

WE are interrogated almost every day by persons anxious to learn what is the position of the American Anti-Sl

bestowed upon them by the Southern press. If their consciences are not seared as with a hot iron, they must feel in their souls that they have committed an act of atrocious meanness and wickedness and entitled themselves to the scorn and indignation of all honourable minds.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN NEW YORK.

The following is *The Tribune's* report of the latest known attempt to smuggle a slave vessel out of this port.

"About a week ago, Marshal George Nevin received information that the bark Panchita, lying at pier No. 34 North River, was being fitted up for the slave trade, and since that time a close watch has been kept on the vessel and the movements of those having her in charge, by Marshals Nevin, De Angelis and Helms. It being ascertained that the Panchita was to sail on Wednesday, the 8th of October, arrangements were made with Capt. Faunce of the United States Revenue Cutter Washington to follow her.

"At 10 o'clock yesterday morning the bark left her berth in tow of the steamboat C. Durant. She was followed by the officers above named and the crew of the revenue cutter, under command of Capt. Faunce, on board of a steamboat chartered for the purpose. When off Sandy Hook the Panchita was boarded by the Marshals, who, on examining the vessel and her papers, were satisfied of the illegality of her intended voyage, and forthwith took possession of her. There was found on board Capt. Naylor, Mr. Mosquito (Supercargo), Frank Brower and Andrew Brower (first and second mate), a Mr. Da Cunah and a gentleman named Dalrymple, with his wife and eight children.

"The cargo of the bark consists of lumber, 50 or 60 casks of salt water, a lot of muskets, a large quantity of firewood, about seventy puncheons of rum, and some cases of dry goods. The hatches have not yet been opened. The parties apprehended will be brought before the Commissioner to-day. The bark is about 300 tuns burden, and rather a staunch-looking vessel.

"Da Cunah and Dalrymple represented themselves as passengers. The former was one of the persons taken from the bark Braman, recently condemned as a slaver. He was at that time tried and acquitted. Mr. Dalrymple says he holds a commission from the British Government as a member of the "Mixed Court." The cook, giving his name as Charles Howard, was also cook of the Braman. He then gave his name as Louis Brown, and was tried and acquitted. The supercargo, Mr. Mosquito, soon after the officers boarded the vessel, attempted to throw overboard a bundle of papers, consisting of letters of instruction as to the voyage and its nature. One of the officers discovered the movement on the part of Mr. Mosquito, and after a short tussel with the gentlemanly insect, succeeded in getting possession of the papers, in which was inclosed a heavy weight in order to sink them immediately when thrown overboard. The bark was brought up and anchored in Buttermilk Channel, near the cutter Washington. The parties found on board were left in the custody of Capt. Faunce.—Oct. 9th.

The same paper of a subsequent date gives us further information, as follows:

"According to the shipping articles, the vessel was bound to one or more ports on the coast of Africa, and back to a port of discharge, and her crew agree to serve for a time not to exceed seven months.

"Warrants were issued yesterday, by Commissioner Morton, an which Wm. R. Naylor, master, C. H. Mosquito, supercargo of the Panchita, and Josepha Pedro da Cunah, who claims to be only a passenger, were arrested, each charged with fitting the slaver out. Writs were also issued against all the parties found on board, and orders granted by Judge Ingersoll holding each one to bail in the sum of $2,200—in order to insure the recovery of the penalty of $4,000 to which persons who voluntarily serve on board a slaver are liable. All hands are safely in custody.

"The first mate of the Panchita, Mr. A. J. Brower, was mate of the Good Hope, the ship on board which Madame Rondeau attempted to smuggle a large quantity of goods from Calcutta, a few months ago. When the Washington came alongside the slaver, the supercargo, M. Mosquito, was standing on the starboard gangway, and the first officer, A. J. Brower, who was in charge of the bark, was walking on the house, with a spyglass in his hand. Seeing the supercargo run to the larboard gangway, Brower jumped off the house, he says, and seized him as he was attempting to heave the ship's papers overboard. They, however, hit the rail, and fell on deck. The mate then clinched with him, and after a severe struggle, in which Mosquito attempted to draw a knife and use it, he succeeded in securing the papers, which were handed to the Deputy Marshal. The papers consist of letters of instructions as to the voyage, and were inclosed with a heavy weight, in order to sink them. The Panchita is now in custody at the Navy yard."

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN KANSAS.

The following extract of a private letter from a brave and noble woman who, with her husband and little ones, emigrated to Kansas from Monroe Co., N. Y., will give our readers some idea of the sufferings and perils through which the wives and mothers in that doomed Territory have been called to pass under the reign of Border Ruffianism, instigated and sustained by the United States Government for the purpose of extending slavery. We know the writer well, and can assure our readers that her statements are worthy of implicit confidence. Her case, shocking as it is, probably involves no hardship that has not been endured by many others.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Sept. 25th, 1856.

On the afternoon of the 1st inst., I sat down by little Mary's grave and wrote a long letter to you, intending to add a little on the 2d and send it off by the same day's mail. The Ruffians had come on the day previous in a large body and encamped behind the bluff just beyond our home, and their scouts and spies were visible in every direction around me while I was writing. Still, I did not apprehend immediate danger, until I saw the smoke and flames arising from the burning buildings of several Free State men on the Lecompton road beyond us; and then, hurrying to the house, I told E. (my husband) we had better prepare for our doom. Night was advancing, and he could not find his cattle or remaining horse, with which to escape or to carry off anything; so we hid our minatures and a few keepsakes in the grass, and E. took some blankets and secreted himself for the night in the prairie grass, where he could watch our house and the approach of the ruffians. I remained alone with the children and spent a sleepless night of agonizing suspense, still hoping, if they came on and saw our defenceless state, they might not attempt any violence to me or the children, and possibly might spare a shelter to our heads. But they left us unmolested that night, and early in the morning E. hastened off to Lawrence to escape being taken prisoner or murdered, still believing they would not harm any of the rest of us. But he was scarcely out of sight before a party of the ruffians came after him; and when they found he had escaped, they looked as savage as fiends and rode back hastily to the encampment. I kept on with my work in apparent calmness, resolved that the scouts should not think I feared them or even noticed them; but about noon Mr. Jewett came after his wife and things, and then I was the only person left in our whole neighbourhood, as Judge Wakefield and Capt. Walker had moved their families and things away the week previous, and all of our bachelor neighbours had joined the Free State army. I felt that the awful crisis was fast approaching and knew that a few hours would consummate the doom so long threatened to that devoted neighbourhood. Still, I was firm and calm, and spent some time in bidding farewell to my darling's grave, as I feared that I should be obliged to leave it so soon, and, perhaps, forever. I also began to pack up some things I wanted to save, but knew not what to do with them or which way to turn. Just then I saw a company of Free State men at Judge Wakefield's with waggons to secure his wheat, and Col. Harvey, who commanded it, sent one team on in great haste after me and the children. The Free State scouts found the ruffians were on the march, and we threw in a few things and were glad to escape with our lives, as there were only 20 men at Judge Wakefield's and the ruffians were said to be 600 strong. Still I would not have left had there been any place in the neighbourhood to flee to with the children, to spend the dreary night after they drove us off. But doubtless I should have been murdered had they found me there, and perhaps a worse fate, too horrible to think of, would have been mine. Nothing but the fear of this daunted me. They have dragged off defenceless women, tied their tongues and hands and left them insensible, and one on the Wakerusa is now but just alive, and will die a victim to their brute outrages. I would far rather die by their bayonets than suffer the pollution of their touch. The advance party were in sight just as we cleared shooting distance; they immediately plundered our house, and the lurid glare of our burning dwelling illuminated the heavens while we were fleeing and long after we arrived at Lawrence. They also burned, that night, the houses of Judge Wakefield and Captain Walker, also that of a Welch Minister near us, who had a sick wife and six little children; and for about ten days they kept possession of the California road, and we were not permitted to revisit the ruins of our old home until last week. Oh! what a scene of desolation it then presented! Even the grass about was seared and withered, and wide roads were made in the fields about our house that looked as if they had been travelled by thousands of men and horses for a long time. They had robbed us of everything. Even the farming utensils, the well-digging apparatus, and every chain and rope and hook and ring were gone. I found one of my silver tea spoons they had dropped in the grass and a few flying bits of laces and ribbons, and baby's cradle-quilt was found by a neighbour near their camp. We have lost all of our Fall supply of provisions, most of our clothing and all of our household things—have saved a part of our library and bedding, and all our miniatures—while some of our neighbours on the other road have been robbed of all their miniatures and everything of value, but have not had their houses burned.

We have been for the past three weeks occupying an unfinished stone building at the entrance of the town; and as the nights have been very cold, we have suffered from exposure, and also, for several days, from hunger. All of our supplies were cut off and there was no bread material to be had in Lawrence for two weeks. For a long time the men in the quarters subsisted mostly on baked squashes and pumpkins. The ruffians stole all the melons and vegetables in the country. They tore down our new wire fence, tore up all our vines, cutting up green squashes and melons, and throwing them into the road. They even desecrated my darling's grave, robbing it of the flowers and bushes I had planted there. This week E. has gone back to try to sow some wheat for another year, and next week he is coming after me and the children. We shall have twenty men go right to work to rebuild our house. We have no place to cook, eat or sleep in, and I shall have all those men to cook for and nothing to do with. Oh! how I dread it! but we must have a shelter for the Winter and must get along some way until we can fix up a house again. We are now, late in September, put back where we commenced the 1st of April, minus the money and time we have spent and the things plundered and destroyed. E. keeps up good courage still, though he is worn down with night watching, exposure and toil. I cannot tell you now what I have suffered when he has been sent off on posts of danger or as a night scout, or of my feelings that night of the encounter of the two conflicting armies so near our house, or on the day when I saw long lines of the ruffian army advancing upon the outskirts of Lawrence, when no men were left here to protect the town. I am constantly receiving urgent requests from different sources for me to write all the particulars respecting Kansas affairs, but oh! it is so wearisome and I almost hate the sight of a pen. How can I be expected to suffer what I have, to live and labour as I am obliged to do and keep my children alive, and yet have any time or strength to spend in writing? I am tired to death of the state of things; tired of witnessing them, tired of thinking about them, and tired of writing about them.

I have to-day been trying to get a few things together towards housekeeping again. The merchants are asking enormous prices for everything and speculating out of our necessities, and most of the capital sent on here, I am persuaded, is engrossed by a few of the Lawrence citizens who have never sacrificed or suffered an iota, while the real sufferers derive no benefit whatever from it. We cannot even get pay for our horse that was killed under Capt. Chambre in the battle at Col. Titus's, while hundreds of Free State loafers, who could never have earned a horse in their lives, are now in possession of noble teams; and I regret to say that plunder has not been confined to the Pro-Slavery ruffians. Our cause, though just, is cursed by many unworthy men, who have espoused it merely to make capital of some kind, personally, out of it. Yet none of the outrages here are exaggerated. Even half of the truth is never told of the depredations of the outlaws, and you can imagine nothing of the horrors that surround us. A neighbour near us was shot down last week while walking from his house to his cornfield, and survived but a little while. The new Governor has been entreated in vain to secure and punish the murderers. He is also (as indeed all the Federal officers must do) favouring the Pro-Slavery party, but will probably maintain some faint semblance of protection to the Free State men until after the election, when we all apprehend there will be more bloody invasions than ever before.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 10, 1856.

The neglect of the last Presbyterian General Assembly, New School, to take any efficient action looking to the removal of slaveholding from the Church is by no means satisfactory to its anti-slavery members, whatever the *Evangelist* and other papers may say to the contrary. The Western Reserve Synod, one of the largest and most influential in the Church, at its Annual Meeting, last week, adopted resolutions condemning, in strong terms, the indecisive course taken by the last Assembly, and recommending their delegates in the next Assembly to bring action in the constitutional form (in accordance with the law as laid down by the report which was adopted by the last Assembly) against the Presbytery and Synod of Mississippi, to which a certain minister belongs who confessed in the late Assembly to being the owner of six slaves, and defended slavery as an institution. Let the Presbytery or Synod be enjoined to show cause why this clergyman is not dealt with for this offence and the subject will be brought up in such a direct way that it will be seen whether the resolutions adopted at Detroit, in 1850, declaring slaveholding an offence, mean anything; or whether the *three exceptional cases* mentioned are designed practically to shield *all* slaveholding. As a sign of the times it may be mentioned that the *Christian Herald* of this place, a conservative paper, recommends the anti-slavery men in the Church, who wish to do something definite and effective, to take this matter in this form before the next Assembly. Those who think that the agitation has been quieted by the learned report on the powers of the Assembly, adopted last May, are much mistaken. The Church may not move as rapidly as we could wish, but there will be no peace nor rest until slaveholding is banished from its communion.

The Cincinnati Conference of the Methodist Church, which met this week, at Ripley, adopted, with great unanimity, resolutions decidedly in advance of anything before done by that body, in reference to slavery. They recount the teaching of the Discipline and the action of former Conferences on the evil of slavery, and condemn the late aggressions of the Slave Power, especially the ill-treatment and expulsion of Methodist ministers from Kansas by the Pro-Slavery Ruffians. This seems to have aroused the indignation of the members of the Conference, and they have passed resolutions which some years ago would have been deemed fanatical, and as interfering with politics. No doubt exists as to the position of the Methodist preachers of the North-west in the pending contest. It has been ascertained that nine-tenths of the ministers in the Ohio and Indiana Conferences will vote for Fremont.

Political excitement is still increasing among us as the day of election approaches. On Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., the Republicans had an immense torch-light procession, the first display of the kind they have made here, in which at least 8,000 persons took part. It was a most successful and magnificent demonstration, encouraging our friends and opening the eyes of our opponents. The procession was subjected to attacks and outrages from evil disposed persons along the whole line of march. Transparencies were smashed, many driven from their places in the line and many spectators on the sidewalks injured. This was done by men and boys shouting for Fillmore, who thus sought to manifest their hatred to Freedom and the Republican party, which, in despite of all efforts to the contrary, is growing in vigour and influence. P.

YEADON'S DEBATE WITH GARRISON AND PARKER.—Much of our space this week is occupied with a boastful and somewhat tedious account, by Mr. Richard Yeadon, editor of the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, of an interesting debate on slavery, which lately took place between himself and Messrs. Garrison and Parker, at the house of the latter, in Boston. Mr. Yeadon evidently intends to make people believe that he won a victory over the champions of freedom; but unless he has done himself great injustice in the report of his own arguments, his antagonists certainly found no other difficulty in answering him than that presented by his own hot impatience and imperviousness to reason. It astonished him greatly, it seems, to find that Garrison and Parker were not the savages which an unscrupulous pro-slavery press, North as well as South, has so often painted them, but men of intelligence and refinement, as eminent for their gentlemanly bearing as they confessedly are for their zeal in the anti-slavery cause. The frankness with which he makes this admission leads us to hope that the lesson may not be altogether lost upon him. We publish his report, crowded as we are for room, because we desire our readers to see how utterly weak and inconclusive are the strongest arguments that can be adduced in favour of slavery by one of its most accomplished champions. If the press of Charleston were free, and the people of the South would listen to the arguments of Abolitionists, as the latter are always eager to listen to those of the slaveholders, it would be well for Mr. Garrison and Mr. Parker to commit to paper their recollections of the interview with Mr. Yeadon; but the arguments which he presents need no refutation among the intelligent portion of the people of the North.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Oct. 3, 1856.

To the Editors of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

GENTLEMEN: No doubt you have been as much amazed as I was by Mr. Speaker Banks's speech to his constituents, in which he so effectually clears himself of all disloyalty to the Union, by a virtual admission that no matter how the government of the United States may change in fact or in form, he will still be found faithful above all things to the Federal compact. Nothing more is required to show us, on this side the herring pond, how intense is the superstitious attachment to the Union amongst you, when the representative of the American Free Soilers declares virtually that, come weal, come woe, slavery or no slavery, Kansas or no Kansas, liberty or despotism, whether the people be ruled on the maxims of Faneuil Hall or of the Planters Hotel at Charleston, he, Mr. Banks, will be true above all things to the Union. If this be the deliberate conviction of the Speaker of the American House of Representatives, how must it be with those millions of your countrymen who (like millions in every country) never have an opinion of their own but follow their leaders, lay and clerical, like a flock of sheep, from the cradle to the grave?

There are many wiseacres whose plan of silencing all opposition, all sentiments they are unused to, is to ask how we dare to differ from the wise and good who have gone before us, whose shoe-lachets we were not worthy to unloose. Flogging is justified by the example of Solomon. Socrates sacrificed to idols. Isabella of Castile burned heretics and carried on the slave trade. Fenelon toadied Louis the Fourteenth. Washington was a slaveholder. Even though the great man of the American people be of the same mind as Mr. Speaker Banks, he and they may be all in the wrong and you and I may be quite right in thinking that for a Union as well as for many another whistle a mighty nation, as well as a foolish school boy, may give too much.

I don't suppose it is merely because your Constitution is your Constitution that people venerate it so unreasonably, but because it is the basis of the Union, the palladium of your nation's greatness. I wish some sensible man who looks on the Union in this light would take the trouble to explain to us what these are worth, if they can only be retained by keeping slavery too. And if slavery is to be kept, by what conceivable line of policy can Liberty and Slavery be kept from quarreling perpetually and steeping the *United* States in an everlasting bath of hot water?

When your Free Soil politicians talk in their loose way about the value of the Union, their determination to uphold it, and maintain the rights of North and South with fidelity and so forth, they seem entirely to overlook the impossibility of their undertaking. The freedom professed and the slavery practised are utterly irreconcilable. Has any one ever taken this bull by the horns, and attempted to solve the gigantic problem. Suppose the Northern Free Soil politicians gain their point and elect Fremont, and that he does all they ever expected him to do, by giving Kansas to the free States and beating back the aggressions of the Southerners—why, then, my dear fellows, you will be as far as ever from a solution of your difficulty. Slaves will still run away and their owners will run after them. There will still be Jerry Rescues—still Sims and Burns will be returned to bondage, Sumner will be caned, and, now that the slaveholding rowdy representatives have had their taste of blood, plebian waiters will be murdered, and the bloody stream of Southern outrage and cruelty will flow on as common as ever. Who believes that irritation and ill blood will not be perpetually kept on as long as this ill-starred Union continues? The "Radical Abolitionists" stick by a Constitution with an anti-slavery interpretation, though nobody believes in their interpretation but themselves; they are staunch in their fidelity to an anti-slavery Union, with the whole South ready to hang them all as soon as they can catch them. Can nobody be found to explain to me how this Union can be maintained with slavery in it? or if not, how is slavery to be got out of it? The Disunion scheme appears the easiest and the wisest, but then nobody but the Abolitionists ventures to entertain the idea. Are not the American lovers of liberty who are determined to keep hugging slavery to their bosoms rather than give up the Union like the Italian brigands who would shoot a traveller and rob him afterwards rather than cut meat on Friday, or the Scotchman who freely gets drunk on Sunday but would on no account break the Sabbath by doing a stroke of worldly work on the sacred day—or the millions of people the world over who are more loyal to their superstitions than to the higher laws of truth and duty which they also profess to obey?

The English are now giving remarkable proof of the common remark that they are much more a practical than a theoretical people. Whilst the Abolitionists were at work for a quarter of a century and got a mere handful of the children of John Bull to care sixpence for the outcry they made—within the last two months, since the affairs of Mr. Sumner and Kansas have stirred up universal amazement at the strange way in which the freedom and enlightenment of our American cousins are displaying themselves, the whole subject of your institutions and the influence of slavery upon them have employed half the presses in the country. A London friend of mine connected with a newspaper tells me that he has seen at least a hundred able articles in provincial papers on this subject. The *Times* has taken up American affairs with its usual gusto, and articles thoroughly Garrisonian have been admitted into its columns. The names of Messrs. Garrison and Phillips are becoming familiar to English readers, and the reasonableness of their actions and line of argument is admitted in London journals of the very highest position. No doubt there will be silly creatures found on your side to attribute this agreement of English editors with American Abolitionists as arising merely from the hatred of the former to the greatness, unity and glory of the land that expands beneath the shadow of the stripes and stars. But there can be no greater nonsense. I am sorry to say I think it probable that if it could be shown to their satisfaction that slavery and liberty could be combined into one firm, substantial, permanent, successful republic and body politic, there are many of these editors of all shades of political opinion amongst us who would trouble their heads precious little about the slaves. But they see so plainly now from the clerical lectures and manipulations of Doctors Pierce and Brooks that this can't be done, that they give up the thing as past praying for. I do entreat you to get somebody to show us how those American Siamese, Liberty and Slavery, can be induced to maintain their heavenly unity without any risk of their trenching in the slightest degree upon one another—as seems to be the Arcadian, innocent expectation of most of the better class of Free Soil politicians. I know the Democrats don't affect any such romance and so frankly ask the South to rule over them.

Yours, RICHARD D. WEBB.

THE *New York Observer* argues against Mrs. Stowe's "Dred" on the ground, that it is praised in Universalist journals. "What a comfort of mind," it exclaims, "it must be to a pious New England woman, a daughter of one of its most honoured divines, to be the author of a book which Universalists hail with such exultation." We don't think Mrs. Stowe ought to be ashamed of the good opinion of those whose theological views differ from her own, and we presume the commendation of Universalists will not alarm her. Meanwhile, how does the *Observer* like to see itself commended and its pious utterances quoted with exultation in that organ of slavery and nullification, the Charleston *Mercury*?

SPIRITUALISM AND ANTI-SLAVERY.—Some zealous Spiritualists have expressed the opinion, that Spiritualism was destined to operate so effectually against slavery as almost, if not quite to supersede all necessity for organized and special anti-slavery effort, and that if the Abolitionists were even to disband the cause would not, on that account, go on at a less rapid pace. A singular commentary upon this opinion is afforded in the fact—stated to us upon unquestionable authority—that a certain wealthy Spiritualist, professing to act under the direction of his friends in the spirit world, recently contributed $10,000 to promote the election of Millard Fillmore to the Presidency! On the whole, we think we will not lay the Anti-Slavery Society on the shelf just yet.

STATE ELECTIONS.—*Wednesday Evening.*—The returns of the Pennsylvania State election, so far as received, are rather discouraging to the Republicans, while those from Ohio are not as favourable as they expected. The returns to come may, possibly, wear a different complexion, but the prospect for Fremont looks dark at present.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 647, contains the usual variety of excellent matter from the *Edinburgh Review*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Fraser's Magazine*, etc. 543 Broadway.

Summary.

Jesse Haines, a venerable minister of the Society of Friends, died in Lycoming County, Pa., a week or two since. He was well and favourably known in that section of the country for over seventy years.

THE CAPITAL OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.—A writer in a Charleston paper modestly says: "Washington is in our country. We propose to continue holding it as our capital." This is an improvement upon Chevalier Brooks. All that he proposed was to march to Washington and rob the Treasury, and carry off the national archives.—*Times.*

A MOMENTOUS INQUIRY.—The old Lutheran Tennessee Synod, by its delegate, Rev. Mr. Moser, submitted to the last Missouri Synod, the all-momentous inquiry, whether the bread, at the communion table, must be cut or broken. The conclusion they finally (after solemn consultation and an ample and impressive exchange of opinion) arrived at, was that it was heterodox to break the bread, and that it must be cut.

During the delivery of Mr. Banks's speech at the Merchants' Exchange last week, a Wall street broker, a Jew, named S—s, frequently interrupted the speaker, and annoyed the audience, by putting impertinent questions. In the course of that part of the address of Mr. Banks which referred to Col. Fremont, the Jew exclaimed, "Wasn't he court-martialed?" "Yes," responded a voice in the crowd, "and a better man than he was crucified by some of your ancestors about two thousand years ago." There were no more interruptions from that source.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD STILL RUNNING.—A fine-looking black fellow, of good size, who was worth full five dollars a pound, drifted away from his master at Mobile a short time since, and was landed in this County, whence he took a new departure northward on Saturday morning. He is in Canada before this. We sympathize (!) with the loser of the property, but we are glad that there is one black man less in this country to make a fuss about. We should be glad to see three millions more—just about the number of slaves that ran away from Egypt—following his track.—*Newburyport Herald.*

"Green" as the practice may be in the estimation of our ripe neighbour, we shall continue to butt that Abolition engine whenever it comes South, as long as there is an inch of our head left.—*Southwestern Baptist.*

We knew that the negroes of the South were in the habit of butting each other with their heads in their quarrels, but it seems to be left to the editor of the *Southwestern Baptist* to butt an Abolition engine. "Green" business, it strikes us, but we hope our zealous brother may be permitted to enjoy the sport "as long as there is one inch of his head left."—*Ch. Sec'y.*

ESCAPE OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.—Four fugitive slaves, we understand, have passed through this town within the last two or three weeks. They were assisted in their flight by two free coloured men in this town. It is presumed they came up the Elk river in boats. So strict a watch is kept along the canal and along the Delaware River that it is difficult for fugitives from the lower country to make their escape in that direction. Several strange boats have been discovered along the shores of the Elk river, which it is believed were abandoned by fugitive slaves.—*Elkton (Md.) Whig and Democrat.*

A CHALLENGE.—Mr. R. B. Montgomery, President of the Mechanics and Workingmen's Republican Union, has challenged Ex-Governor Floyd, of Virginia, to discuss the issues of the approaching election with a *working man*, who, he promises, shall meet him for that purpose. We fear the ex-Governor will hardly consent to come down to the level of a "*mere* mechanic." The "fastest families" of Virginia have peculiar notions of dignity on this subject. They own their working men, and do not permit them to enter into any discussions whatever.—*Times.*

We find the following anecdote in a Southern paper:

"A Yankee being asked by a Russian the boundary of his country, said: 'That it was bounded on the North by the Aurora Borealis, and on the South by the day of Judgment.'"

Should Wise, Brooks, and the rest of them, undertake to carry out their threat of dissolving the Union if Fremont is elected, they will be apt to find, we imagine, that the Yankee was right, and that, surely enough, the country is bounded on the South by the day of judgment.—*Tribune.*

THE EFFECT OF SLAVE EMANCIPATION.—The *Moniteur de la Italie* says:

"It appears, from an official document, that in the island of La Reunion (Bourbon) the quantity of land cultivated has almost doubled since the emancipation of the slaves and the introduction of free labourers; also, that whilst in 1847, before the emancipation, the produce of the cultivators was 12,517,551 francs, it is now 22,756,674 francs."

In the face of such facts as this the Richmond Buchanan papers contend that Free society is a failure, and that slavery should be eternised.

A SIDE BLOW FOR BROOKS.—The Charleston *Mercury*, in urging the people of the South to commence the work of secession at once, says:

"Better, far better, is open war, with stricken fields, in which blows are given as well as received, than this inglorious strife, this elemental war, in which Cassandra denounces weeping, and lamentation, and woe, and Thersites rails with endless utterances of malice; but neither Greek nor Phrygian strikes one honest blow."

As Brooks is the only one who has ventured to strike a blow, it is not particularly complimentary to him to insinuate that it was not an honest one. As to the tribe of Thersiteses, they are numerous enough down there.—*Times.*

The *Squatter Sovereign*, Mr. Buchanan's organ on the Missouri border, in speaking of Lane and the settlers whom he has conducted to Kansas, says:

"We must 'fight the devil with fire'—scourge the country of Abolitionism, Free Soilism, and every other damnable ism that exists—DESTROY THEIR PRESS, PROPERTY, CROPS AND EVERY OTHER ARTICLE THAT WOULD CONDUCE TO THE SUPPORT OF ANY OR EVERY PERSON WHO IS KNOWN OR SUSPECTED OF ACTING, CO-OPERATING OR SYMPATHIZING WITH ABOLITIONISM. This must be done, or the Territory will be one continual scene of strife for months to come. Do this, and peace will be restored and quiet prevail. It is not *too late*—the work should be carried on vigorously."

FREE SPEECH IN VIRGINIA.—Another case has just occurred which shows that even white men are slaves at the South. The Rev. Charles Howard Malcolm has been dismissed from the pastoral office of the Baptist Church in Weelling, Va., upon the written charge brought against him, "in consequence of certain remarks in your Report to the Board, leading to the belief that you intend to teach Abolition sentiments in connection with the pastorate of said Church," and for refusing "*to promote the cause of Christ in harmony with Southern institutions.*" It is a little singular that Mr. Malcolm's father, the Rev. Dr. Malcolm, President of Lewisburg University, was exiled from Kentucky some years ago for being unfavourable to the "peculiar institution."—*Tribune.*

THE PRESIDENT.—President Pierce spent the Sabbath in Andover with his brother-in-law, Hon. John Aiken. In the morning he attended divine service in the chappel of the Theological Seminary, and heard a spirited and very eloquent sermon from Rev. Prof. Park. Immediately after the service, he was most respectfully greeted by the Professors in the institution, Professor Stowe taking the lead in the salutations. We chronicle this fact with pleasure, as an evidence that there is no disposition, even among the strongest opponents of the policy of the Administration, to withhold that respect which is due to the President, when it cannot be tortured into an alleged approval of that policy.—*Boston Journal.*

We think this conduct is far from being creditable to the Andover Professors, who ought to have improved the occasion to administer a wholesome rebuke to the "Border Ruffian" Usurper and Traitor.—*Liberator.*

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.—A few days since, as two ladies, one named Barton, the other her sister, were attempting to cross to Goat Island, Niagara Falls, by means of some planks temporarily placed upon the new bridge, the supports gave way, and they were both precipitated from the bridge. Mrs. B. fortunately seized an iron rod connected with the bridge, while her sister, after vain attempts to sustain herself by grasping Mrs. B.'s dress, was thrown into the raging waters beneath. The plank fell with her and after several attempts she grasped it. By the mercy of Providence the plank was thrown into the water diagonally with the shore, and the current, which was bearing her so furiously to destruction, drew the lower end of the plank against the bank, when several persons seized it, and after great exertions, finally drew her ashore in a fainting condition. Mrs. Barton, after clinging to the rod for some time, was lifted from her dangerous situation by some persons who had rushed to the spot.

NOVEL NEGRO STAMPEDE.—We learn from Mr. Hope, conductor of the accommodation train, that our friend Bumpass, the conductor on the Sommerville Branch, was astonished this morning to find that his locomotive had disappeared, and accordingly instead of riding his iron "horse," as usual, to make connection with the mail train at Moscow, he had to mount one of flesh and blood. It appears that during the night a negro man who had been employed as fireman for some months, took it into his head to run away, and fired up the machine for that purpose. He took aboard seven or eight other negroes, some of them belonging to Mr. Williamson Powell, near Sommerville, and run down within twelve miles of the city, where they all left the engine, with the exception of a negro girl, and are now probably in the woods. This is the statement of the girl, who was found at the engine this morning where the negroes left it. The police have been advised of these facts so as to intercept the escape of the negroes by river, as is doubtless their aim.—*Memphis News.*

ALMOST A FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—A few days since it became known that an Alabama slave-catcher was in this city to obtain process for the arrest of a coloured man residing at Albion, whither the slave-catcher had been and recognized his human property. While in this city consulting the high authorities who chase runaway negroes, the facts connected with his visit, in a very mysterious manner, became known to some friends who do not think the chief glory of a State consists in returning fugitive slaves to bondage, and the slave man was at once informed of what was going on, and went over into Canada with natural haste.

This slave-catcher is named J. S. Gavitt, and he hails from Mobile, Alabama, from which city they drive out booksellers by a mob, who may chance to sell one copy of an anti-slavery book.

He is easily distinguished by a long scar on one cheek. He registers his name as J. Rea, Evansville, Ind. We presume Mr. Gavitt has gone home disconsolate. Even the loyal slave-driving democracy of this State would n't help him. O tempora! O Gavitt! how your success would have helped the political prospects of your friend James Buchanan.—*Detroit Tribune, Oct. 3.*

JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.—The celebration of the anniversary of the Rescue of Jerry came off yesterday at Myers' Hall, and was very largely attended. The large Hall was crowded to overflowing, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested.

Gerrit Smith presided, assisted by S. J. May, Frederick Douglass, J. Smith, L. Gibbs, A. Wilkinson, John Thomas, Samuel Fuller, and J. W. Loguen as Vice Presidents, and James Fuller and J. A. Allen as Secretaries.

An address was read by Gerrit Smith, a number of letters were read, and speeches were made by Mr. Putnam, of Massachusetts, and Frederick Douglass, of Rochester, and others.

A committee consisting of John Thomas, James Fuller, S. J. May, C. D. B. Mills, J. A. Allen, and T. G. White, were appointed to make arrangements for a celebration of the next anniversary.—*Syracuse Standard.*

THE QUEEN AND MRS. STOWE.—A recent number of the *Edinburgh Witness* has the following:

"Among those assembled on Thursday morning at the King's Cross Terminus, to witness the departure of the royal family for Scotland, was Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. On the arrival of the royal party, Mrs. Stowe took the opportunity of presenting, through Col. Grey, her new work, "Dred," in two volumes, just hot from the press. On learning that the fair authoress was present, both her Majesty and Prince Albert came forward and gave her a gracious and friendly recognition, accepting the book with evident pleasure."

The facts are not precisely as here stated. As we have them from the highest authority, they were as follows. Col. Grey invited Prof. and Mrs. Stowe to view the Queen's departure, and courteously reserved for them a place on the platform directly facing the royal carriage. Just before the train started, Col. Grey informed Mrs. Stowe that *he* had procured a copy of "Dred" with a view of presenting it to her Majesty. Mrs. Stowe objected to this, lest the Queen should suppose that the volumes came from the hand of Mrs. Stowe herself. Col. Grey, upon his own responsibility, presented the volumes to the Queen, and informed her that the authoress was on the platform. The Queen came to the side of the carriage and bowed twice to Prof. and Mrs. Stowe, then spoke to Prince Albert, who did the same. The train then started, her Majesty and Prince Albert each having an open volume of "Dred." Mrs. Stowe was passive throughout; and the incident is honourable alike to the heart of Victoria and to the genius of our countrywoman.—*Independent.*

CURIOSITIES FROM KANSAS.—We have just seen several curiosities—dumb things that speak—from Kansas. 1. A cannon-ball (2lbs.) made from the type of the *Herald of Freedom*—one of the kind used in the attack on Titus' fort, near Lecompton. 2. The chain with which John Brown, Jr., was manacled and bound, when driven thirty miles on a hot July day. It was rusty when put on—it is bright now, by his chafing and struggles during the time he was deranged. 3. The flag planted on the hotel and *Herald of Freedom* office at Lawrence, and under which Atchison made a speech—a flag that was borne on several bloody occasions. It is a long red flag, with one "lone" star. "Southern Rights" is the motto on one side. "South Carolina" is on the other. It has been mended, where it was torn by the brick that fell from the chimney of the block, killing a man, at the attack on Lawrence.

These curiosities were brought by Mr. Whitman, who had just arrived in this city from the Territory, and who confirms the accounts of the sufferings and perils endured there.—*Bost. Journal.*

A NORTHERN CLERGYMAN IN THE SOUTH.—From a private letter to one of the editors of the *Utica Herald*, that paper extracts a few words, merely to lift the curtain and glance at the secrets of a Christian heart in a land of slavery. He says:

"I have preached here in this slave city nearly a year; have a splendid church edifice, large congregation, large salary, &c.; but I am heart-sick and home-sick. I have a more perfect hatred of slavery and all its influences. They are all wretched, degrading and damning."

He proceeds to speak of certain public acts in his city during the last few weeks, which are too widely known to be again told. And he then continues:

"He who says there is a Free Press or Free Speech in the slave States is, in plain Saxon, a LIAR. Every Freemonter in the South is marked, and spotted, and twitted of Abolitionism. I have not meddled with politics in my pulpit services; but because I dared to take the New York *Daily Tribune* I have been complained of bitterly. O, how I sigh for the Free North! It is my purpose to resign my charge this Fall, and seek a home Westward or Northward. I cannot, will not, tarry much longer in this land of bondage and bowie-knives. * * * My earnest prayer is that Fremont may be elected."

ABDUCTION OF SLAVES FROM LOUISIANA.—Quite a commotion took place in our quiet village on Sunday morning last. Early in the month a negro man and his wife were stolen from the plantation of J. A. McHatton, of East Baton Rouge. They were taken up the river by a young man named Wise. As the owner of the negroes was in Kentucky, a telegraphic despatch was sent him, giving information that the negroes had left for the West. He overhauled them in the possession of Wise, at Cairo. Wise and the negroes were brought back on Saturday last, and committed to jail in Baton Rouge. Information was obtained from the negroes that a woman named Mason, who had been living about here for some time, was implicated in the abduction of the slaves. An officer was sent from Baton Rouge to arrest her. It appeared that the negroes had stolen from their owners a large amount of silver ware, which the woman acknowledged to be in her possession. The articles were found in a house in Jackson, that had been rented to Mrs. Mason and her husband. Both Mason and his wife were sent to Baton Rouge to answer the charge of receiving stolen goods, and aiding and abetting the escape of negroes.

We have been informed that the man and the woman have been living in our town during the last two or three months. The woman has been engaged in telling fortunes. She has been quite liberally patronized in this line of business by quite a number of ignorant and superstitious white persons, and any number of negroes. It appears that her house has been a perfect den for the latter.

The man, when arrested, had in his possession a number of blank certificates, with the signatures of Governor Walker and Charles Gayarre, Secretary of State. Those papers must have been purloined from the Governor's office.—*Bayou Sara Chronicle.*

MR. SUMNER IN PRIVATE LIFE.—In a private letter from a friend, a gentleman, who has had good opportunities to study the private character of Mr. Sumner, we find an unstudied and grateful tribute to that gentleman which we take the liberty to transfer to our columns. The writer says:

"He was passing a couple of days with my grandmother some years ago, and he said to me, one day: 'W., I will say to you what Mrs. Siddons said to Macready, when she saw him play for the first time. Said she, "young man, I discover that you have talent, and I wish to give you this advice—study! study! study! and don't you get married till you are thirty!'! I always supposed Mr. Sumner to have been joking, though he delivered the advice with a very grave face. While I was in Washington, I had the opportunity to see a great deal of Mr. Sumner in private life, being employed by him to direct several thousand documents to all parts of the Union. I was in his room every morning, for about a month, from half after eight till two, and saw him there, untrammelled by any requirements of public position. I saw with amazement such men as Soule coming in, day after day (

Miscellaneous Department.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

[The following is the second of a series of remarkable papers—we gave the first, last week, under the title of "The Last Days of a German Revolution"—which have recently been published in *Dickens's Household Words*. They have all the interest of a romance, while they fix the attention of the reader by their very simplicity and truth. The rest will follow in due order as they appear.]

HAVING been condemned to be shot for what the court-martial at Rastadt, sitting in judgment over political offenders declared to be capital crime, I was carried back to the Fort, and placed in a dungeon used as a condemned cell. The day was Saturday, the fifteenth of September, and the hour three in the afternoon. The rule was, that men sentenced as I had been, should be shot at five o'clock on the morning following their condemnation; but, if the next day happened to be Sunday, the execution was to take place the same evening before dark. At three o'clock in the afternoon, on a Saturday in the middle of September, I had not, by this calculation, very long to live.

Under these circumstances it was not necessary that I should be critical respecting the accommodation furnished in my chamber. On a raised board in one corner there was a tumbled litter: the bed occupied by a comrade of mine who had been shot that morning. A jailer came with a rueful look to ask whether I wished for anything, and whether he might not summon the clergyman. I asked for writing materials, a good dinner, a bottle of Rhenish, and a few cigars; for, bodily refreshment I did need; and as to spiritual help (though God knows I needed that too), I knew it was not to be obtained from a minister who had found nothing to talk about over the grave of a fallen officer but Nebuchadnezzar and his pride. While I was writing on the board that was my table, I looked through the grated window at the sentry, who kept guard over me, a red-cheeked, honest fellow from Thuringia, who liked his work so little that he was fairly blubbering. A little of the sentry's sympathy would have made of the chaplain a better man for his all-important work.

But the best sympathy was being spent on me elsewhere. My wife during the past week had not been idle. A few days before the trial she was in Carlsruhe. She had then called on the minister-at-war, Colonel von Moggerbach. He is now dead, and it can hurt nobody to name one who received a suffering woman with humane emotions. "I am rising," he said, "from the sick bed to which I was brought by grief at these sad things. It is not with my wish or approval that so much blood has been spilt. However, we have ordered better now that all sentences of death not decreed unanimously by the court-martials, shall be forwarded here for ratification. That is your only hope of mercy."

My wife attempted, too, upon the very morning of the trial, to see the Grand Duke. She went to the palace, but found none who could announce her. Footmen ran from her, covering their eyes. She wandered through the rooms, and lost herself in a great saloon, at the very time that I stood, as she knew, before my military judges. A kind face timidly peeped through a door; for the servants' hearts were with her, and their eyes were upon her; and a faltering voice cried "Hist! We must not show you to the duke, my lady; but his private secretary is now coming this way; he is going to his royal highness. Speak to him; but don't say you were told to do so." The kind face vanished, and the secretary who came, was addressed. He could not take the wife to plead in the duke's presence; but promised to say, on her part, as much as possible. After this my helper hurried back to Rastadt, and reached her inn about noon. At the inn she found some people who had been in the castle. They gave her hope; said that I had won much by my speech in defence; that the witnesses had spoken to my advantage, and that all went on well. Her brother came at last; and she read the issue in his face. She had obtained leave to visit me before her my execution. And now I will give, from her diary, some paragraphs to show the woman's side of these experiences in the life of a man whose crime it was to believe in the existence of a German people. It is the wife who now speaks:

"He is coming," said the people in the bar-room, and rushed to the window. I followed them. There came the carriage surrounded by soldiers; gen-d'armes sat in it, and he in the midst of them. Knowing that I was in that inn, his mournful eyes were seeking for me. Almost senseless, I fell back in the arms of the kind-hearted hostess; but I recovered soon, and called his name. It was a cry of anguish coming out of the very depth of my heart. I strove to get through the window into the street, thinking the carriage would stop; but, I was held back, and I passed half an hour almost mad with grief. At length I was again able to think, and my hopes clung with all the energy of despair to the plan of deliverance prepared by me. I went with my brother Franz into my room, and gave him my clothes, tied his hair, and tried the hood and the bonnet. He became perfectly disguised, and his appearance was not strange at all. The gown had the due length and width, and Franz himself ceased to doubt our success. These garments my husband must put on; it was to see whether all was right that I first tried them on my brother, who was of like size and shape.

Strengthened and animated by the hope of success, I went to Otto. He was already in that casemate, behind which the sentenced usually were shot. The hope of saving him supported me. The prison was almost dark, and there was nothing in it but two bundles of straw, a pitcher with water, and the half of a black coarse loaf. Otto was writing letters to his friends and to the German people, for which he was to die. When I entered the prison, he came towards me with hasty paces, and taking firmly my hand, he said: "Courage, Helene, courage! It must be!" His firmness supported mine; but I spoke much and quickly, to have no time for a weakness which had already overcome my brother, who sat weeping on the ground.

They brought in the dinner, provided by the town. Otto tried it, and said: "This is my last meal" (the Henikers' mahlreit); "let us see what they have sent to me, and whether the wine is good. No, it is not good; I will not drink much of it, and I will not eat either; my appetite is gone."

When the jailer was gone, I told Otto my plan. He would not approve of it. He had done with life, he said, and conquered the bitterness of death. His fate was not to be averted.

"Ah, but it may," I cried, "since you are not condemned unanimously. Dr. K—— and the judge of examination are going to Carlsruhe to obtain an alteration of the sentence."

"No, it is impossible; there were five voices against me," said Otto, pacing his prison with me.

I myself became doubtful now, and sent for the lieutenant, who had humanely left me alone with my husband, although bound to be present at our interview. When he came, he confirmed what I had said, and added, that in any case Otto would not be shot, late as it then was, before Monday morning.

"Now we will think of nothing else," I said, "than how to save you; and before all, my brother must leave us, that he may not be involved."

The carriage that brought me to the prison waited before the postern, a dark vaulted passage under the main rampart. After having used the carriage, F—— was to send it back, and to give notice, whether the gate had been passed without question. In half-an-hour the jailer brought me a small slip of paper, upon which was pencilled, "Dr. K—— is gone to Carlsruhe—passed without impediment."

Next, I sent for a dinner to my inn, and urged my husband to eat: "For," I said, "you cannot tell how long you may be forced to hunger on your flight." But he said: "I will not fly; I cannot do so. What is to become of the officer who is so kind as to permit our being together all this time, against his orders? What is to become of you, if you stay here instead of me, exposed to the anger of a troop of soldiers?"

Afterwards, I found that he had pride of his own in staying. He would not fly; a lady who had offered him the means an hour before the surrender, told me that he had refused her also. He preferred, he told her, to be shot, since flight would expose him among his friends to the suspicion of a treachery in the surrender. Having put aside my plan, he now dined with good appetite, and took two glasses of wine.

It became dark by-and-by, and my heart was very sore. The good-natured lieutenant came to fetch me, but I begged his permission to stay with my husband, and he had not the heart to resist. At five o'clock, he said, the carriage should be before the postern, to convey me back into the town.

It was then seven o'clock in the evening, Otto was happy that I should be a few hours longer with him. I was depressed, but had strength enough to conceal my weakness. I became more and more sorrowful, and watched with anguish every step of the sentries and patrols. The hours flew with rapidity, and yet the minutes were very long! On a sudden, I heard the tramping of many feet coming to the prison, and awakened Otto. He rose directly, and went into the other compartment of the casemate, where was the door, to speak to those who came. They were two officers, who whispered to him—but I heard every word—that the soldiers for the execution were ordered for next morning at half-past four.

"It is hard," answered O——, "that they make with me an exception, for there should be no executions on a Sunday."

"We have thought so too," answered the officers; "but it is ordered, as we say. Moreover, you have our word of honour that we know nothing positive beyond the order for the patrol to be ready; and we must request your lady to leave you at three o'clock, when we will have the honour to fetch her and accompany her to her hotel."

"I thank you, gentlemen," my husband said; "she will be ready."

It is impossible to describe the agonies of those hours, the remembrance of which never can fade from me but with my life. They could not be borne, I think, twice in a lifetime. Fear to give way to weakness, and to move Otto too much by it, made me so collected, that I shed no tear, and seemed almost deprived of feeling. We spoke all night together. My husband held me in his arms and tried to comfort me. But I had only one thought: his hand so warm, his breath so hot now, and all will be cold to-morrow: he will be dead—an inanimate body.

At a few minutes before three o'clock in the morning the two officers came back to fetch me.

When I was alone in my inn bedroom, I opened the window and looked out towards the dawn.

These are some portions of the journal of my wife. From them I turn back to my own experiences. When she left me I outwardly prepared myself for the last passage of my life, by putting on clean linen, taking off the locket I wore round my neck, and cutting a lock from my hair for persons dear to me. I chose also a red silk neckerchief with which to bind my eyes. I had a strong sensation which was not fear; or, if fear, was a pleased fear. I had known nothing in my former life so much resembling it as the sensation upon entering, while still a youth and inexpert, a ball-room, in which there were many beauties. I had also—as I had had the day before—a peculiar longing for a rose. As for anything like the experiences of Victor Hugo's Last Hours of a Condemned, they may be described from nature, but the nature they describe was happily not mine.

At dawn I heard in the yard many steps. They are coming, I thought. Farewell beautiful earth; farewell to the old mother who takes up day after day the paper with a trembling hand; farewell my dear good wife! There was no need for such leave-taking. The first of my visitors whom I distinguished through the gloom of the cell was the city major.

"Is it time, gentlemen?" I asked; "I am quite ready."

"No, friend," said a voice from behind the rest—the voice of my late advocate, Dr. K.—"we bring you better news."

This brave helper, having a friend in the Ministry of War, had paid a night visit to Carlsruhe, and had come back, during the hour after midnight, with distinct news of the alteration of my sentence. Prussian "misunderstandings" caused in those days many to get their reprieves after they were shot, and in my own case I am tolerably sure that, but for Dr. K., I should have been shot on Sunday morning, and the commutation of my sentence would have been announced on Monday.

Words of true sympathy, written under the strongest of emotions, well or ill written, must have an interest of their own for human eyes. Therefore I again take scraps from my wife's diary to carry on this narrative.

I would go directly to see my husband, but I was not permitted, and wrote letters to my brother, to my Manheim friends, and to my good mother-in-law. At half-past six I was with Otto, who was very calm, and liked not to show his gladness. He tried to bear with the same equanimity this happy change. But I myself felt very happy, infinitely happy for him; for he loves this life very much. Through my entreaties, I had been permitted to stay as long as I liked with my husband. All the day through came Baudin, and even Prussian officers, and many common soldiers, to the iron grate before the window, and expressed their pleasure at his escape. There was a much greater interest shown to him than to any one of his comrades who had suffered earlier. An old sergeant told me that there had been much stirring amongst the common soldiers in the barracks, who liked my husband, for his having behaved so well towards his soldiers of the garrison of Rastadt, and that they had been much discontented with the sentence of death. He said to me that on the evening before, at the time fixed for the execution, the crown of the main rampart had been crowded with more than a thousand soldiers, notwithstanding that the being there in that way was forbidden under a threat of five days imprisonment. He spoke very mysteriously, and I did not quite understand at what he was aiming with his hints. My good kind hostess sent a very good dinner and beautiful fruit, and Otto fell to with very much good-will. How happy I was to see him eat so heartily again!

Monday, 17th September. The commandant gave me yesterday a ticket for the fort and garrison, and the Prussian captain of the guard was so kind as to give it me back again, and even to permit me, upon his own responsibility, to stay till the morning with my husband.

Early in the morning there came to our window the prisoner who had been brought on the previous afternoon into a little building opposite our den, and separated from it only by a narrow yard. The sentries were very good, and permitted him to speak to us, although it was against their orders. He was Baron von B——, who had before the revolution, been a Prussian first-lieutenant in Cologne, but left the service. My husband had procured him the command of a battalion in his own regiment, but he became ill, and was forced to remain in Heidelberg. When the Prussians occupied that town, he was so imprudent as to give himself up to them as a prisoner of war. Having a fever, he was unable to fly. How pale and wretched he looked! How excited he was, and how cast down at the same time! Four weeks ago they had declared against him the sentence of death, and he was awating then the ratification of it from Berlin! The Prussian authorities were very bitter against prisoners who had formerly served in the Prussian army, and most bitter against officers; therefore the poor sick man was put into one of the most gloomy and unhealthy casemates; where he was left quite alone. By the humanity of a Baden lieutenant who had care over the prisoners of this fort, however, he at last had a few comforts allowed him, and was moved to a more healthy place. Glad to see Otto again, and speak to him, he heartily partook of my joy.

In the afternoon he was removed to a better prison. He gave me a letter for his brother which I volunteered to take care of. A few days afterwards this friend of ours was shot.

His place was filled by Mr. T., who had been chairman of the artisan-union in Cologne. This was a brave, high-spirited young man, who had preserved his courage. He was one of the truest followers of my husband, who became acquainted with him in Strasbourg. He also had been sentenced to death, and was waiting for the ratification from Berlin. At first, he said to me, it was an ugly feeling, when the soldiers in the morning opened the door of his prison; then he thought always, "They are coming to bring me out. But now," he said, "I am used to it; and I care not what may come; but I must not think of my bride! After having searched for me everywhere she has been here, but was not allowed to see me." He said this in a careless tone, but there was a quivering in his voice that I could well understand.

Mr. T. commanded the battalion of Baron B., when that gentleman became ill. The soldiers of this Volkswehs battalion being most of them inhabitants of Manheim, stayed in their town when my husband left it, and dispersed. Mr. T., riding quite alone on the road towards Heidelberg, to rejoin the revolutionary army, was caught in a hollow way by the peasants of a neighbouring village, who thought they would win the good opinion of the Prussians, by presenting to them, when they came, a revolutionary officer as a prisoner. This happened in the first days after the entry of the Prussians into Baden, when they were very much excited against the rebels. The cuirassiers who transported T. to Heidelberg, dealt very barbarously with him. Fettered hand and foot with a heavy iron chain, he must needs go at the same pace with the horses; and, when he flagged, they drove him on with the points of their swords. Even passing foot-soldiers could not refrain from abusing him by words and blows; and, when he arrived at last at Heidelberg, his body was beaten brown and blue, and the blood trickled from it. On his head alone he had seven wounds, and the blood so flowed over his face, that he could not see. Officers to whom he complained of the rudeness of the soldiers, said to him, "that the soldiers must have their fun also." He was lodged in a very miserable prison, whence, scarcely recovered from his wounds, he was brought to the Rastadt, and shut up in one of the most unhealthy dungeons they could find.

The sentries being very reasonable, he and my husband talked all day about the revolution. If an officer came near, the sentry always gave us warning, and we separated.

Tuesday, 18th September. Otto is contented with his situation, notwithstanding the damp straw and thick water-dropping walls of the prison. My company and the good things sent every day by my kind hostess, are very thankfully accepted by him. How hard is the lot of the poor prisoners, who are glad when even a sentry appears to them! How horrible is their solitude without occupation, light, books, or tobacco, so much wished for by them all!

The officers who visited my husband to-day, said it was believed that the change of his sentence would be to arrest in a fortress, and one of these officers—a Baden one—whose parents live at Kiplau (that place being a fortress) was so kind as to promise us letters of recommendation to his friends. Grant Heaven, that these reports may have truth in them!

I had a great sorrow to-day, when the captain of the day fetched me from the casemate. The lieutenant on duty had recommended me not to show myself, when this captain should come, because he was a very severe man. Therefore, when the sentry announced him to us, I hid myself in the darkest corner of my husband's litter, and he threw his cloak over me. But this was useless. When the captain entered the foremost compartment of the casemate, he said to his prisoner:

"I have heard that your lady is here. Where is she?"

"She is asleep just now," he answered.

"Well, then, awake her. I cannot permit her staying any longer with you, for she has only permission to see you for about half-an-hour, and in the presence of an officer; so runs our order."

Otto was obliged to take away his cloak; I rose from the straw, and, quite confused, followed the captain. My husband told me that it was the same who sat in the court-martial. I dare not go again this day to the commandant to get a new ticket of admission; I will go to-morrow and stay at home to-day. My hostess and her daughters are compassionate. They both knew my husband, who had often dined in this hotel. The young girl was very glad when he sent her his riding-whip as a token of remembrance. What a comfort are such kind people when one is so very sad! The landlady told me that the city-major Von M. had lost his place for having brought, beforehand, and without authorization, the news of the alteration of the sentence to my husband. Probably they would have announced it to him when he was standing on the sandhill, or when he was lying there a bleeding corpse. It would have been only a misunderstanding.

Wednesday, 19th September. I was very quite and happy with Otto in the prison. The commandant-major Von W. was uncommonly polite, and gave me a ticket, on which was marked that I could see my husband without the presence of an officer, and for as long as I wished. But the sentries of the day were rough. A red-haired man behaved as one in a passion, although nobody had done him any wrong. He always knocked with the dog of his gunlock, and seemed to have a mind to shoot poor T. whenever he showed himself near his window. When my husband gave an explanation to him, he cried:

"No stirring! Once you were a lord, now is my turn, and you have to keep silence." Even to me he used ill language, and behaved ill. But this is the only soldier I have yet to complain of.

To-morrow a court-martial will sit, and my husband will then hear his altered sentence. The officers pretend to know that it is arrest in a fortress, and Otto is believing too much in their foresight. Grant Heaven that he may not be mistaken; for the House of Correction would distress him more than ten decrees of death.

On the forenoon of the twentieth of September, I was brought before the court-martial again. I saw that the sergeant who had not voted for my death, opposed to the strong wish of all the other judges, was no more a member of the court; there was in his place another sergeant, who perhaps knew his duty better. In Baden the Prussians made very free with the lives even of their own subjects, which they dared not do in Prussia. Von B. and Von T. were shot, and I myself should have been shot also, had the verdict been unanimous, or had I been tried eight days sooner. For, that order to send the sentence to Carlsruhe in case of any difference among the judges was only a few days old, and I was the first to profit by it. I had a good help too, in the fact that the public prosecutor himself was in too great haste to have me killed, and in his eagerness behaved imprudently. When my wife afterwards saw the Baden minister of war, she thought it proper to say a few words of thanks to that gentleman; he replied:

"There is no occasion for your thanks; the sentence could not have been valid, owing to the unjustifiable manner in which the law officer of the crown provoked it."

The sentence of death was changed into one of ten years in the House of Correction!

ODE,

Written for the Essex County Agricultural Society, and Sung at the Banquet in Newburyport, Thursday, Oct. 2d, 1856.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
But on the outer side.

They heard the air above them fanned,
A light step on the sward,
And lo! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord!

Behind them smiling in the morn,
Their forfeit garden lay;
Before them, wild with rock and thorn
The desert stretched away.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit
For the chaste garb of old;
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit
For Eden's drupes of gold.

"Arise!" he said, "why look behind
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind
Your loss may yet restore?

"I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soil;
Your very doom shall seem a gift;
Your loss a gain through Toil.

"Go, cheerful as you humming-bees
To labour as to play,"
While gleaming over Eden's trees
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
Obedient to the word,
And found where'er they tilled the earth
A garden of the Lord!

Once more, oh white-winged Angel, stand,
Where man still pines and grieves,
And lead through Toil to Eden land,
New Adams and new Eves!

—*Boston Transcript.*

CURIOUS HISTORICAL COLLECTION OFFERED FOR SALE.

THE following advertisement which is in itself something of a literary curiosity, describes a remarkable collection which we know actually exists in London, and has been examined there by travellers from America. We copy the advertisement, thinking it may prove interesting to our readers.—*Boston Advertiser.*

"The owner and collector of the Napoleon Museum has now embodied in it, and formed, after 36 years of great cost and exertion, the great historical collection from 1450 to 1850, in which there are 1800 volumes of valuable books, proclamations and decrees; 586 models, from antique gems and seals; 1044 medals in gold, silver and bronze; 307 coins, ditto; 266 French Assignats; 360 fine drawings, including all the 258 sovereign pontiffs; a magnificent selection of valuable portraits and rare prints; many marbles, pictures, miniatures, bronzes and other fine works of art; 31,000 MSS., illustrated with 10,000 portraits and crests of the writers, among which there are the kings, queens and the most eminent persons of nearly all nations, alphabetically and chronologically arranged, in more than 100 elegant folio guard books and sections, from Richard III. to Victoria, America, President General Washington to President Fillmore; also, with English translations, those of Austria, Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Egypt, Denmark, etc., from 1450 to 1850. French history, from Louis XI. to Louis Napoleon, the collection is very gorgeously rich in MSS., particularly of the great French Revolution of 1789, and of the Bonaparte family, beginning with the only original one now living, Jerome, and his first wife; Miss Patterson's letter to her doctor (Lettsom), an eminent M. D. at Camberwell, to provide a nurse during her confinement with her son Jerome; the letter is addressed to Dr. Lettsom, Grovehill, Camberwell, and the Dr. has endorsed it thus —'Fr. Mad. Bonaparte, July 27, 1805, Camberwell;' in the packet of Jerome's letters there are also two proofs of the substantial character of his marriage—a bill drawn by Jerome, at Baltimore, dated September 17, 1803, for 3,300 dollars, in favour of "Citoven Flister, Maison du Premier Consul, à Paris," and enclosed in his letter of same date, so addressed—another bill, also drawn by Jerome, dated New York, Sept. 5, 1804, for 15,750, both before the birth of his son, and payable at Perigaux's, banker, Paris. There are in the collection 1,600 letters and papers of the Great Napoleon's, and all his family, among them many hundreds of his own (and more than 200 from Egypt only), from 1791 to 1818; also of his father's, mother's (of the latter more than 20), concerning their family quarrels, and her correspondence with the Emperor, who also insists on Lucien's divorce; also, a beautiful long letter to her from the Pope Pius VII., entirely autograph, dated from his palace, 4th June, 1808, expressing regret at her family dissensions, and particularly about Lucien, whom he created Prince of Canino; among Joseph's letters there are 60 private, entirely autograph, and very important, to Gen. Count Belliard, Governor of Madrid, when Joseph was King of Spain; among Lucien's, there are those from 1794, as a Garde de Magazin, at 250 francs per month, and as such, his verified receipt for one month's pay, to 1838; those relative to the death of the Duke of Reichstadt and Louis Philippe's reigning are most interesting; many of Louis's, from an early date till, and long after, the disagreement with his wife Hortense, mother of H. I. M. Louis Napoleon, by whom the owner of the above was prevailed on, by his numerous extreme personal and written blandishments, at his palaces in 1852, to lend him, and he so borrowed, more than £2,000's worth of the aforesaid, for his perusal and inspection, solely on his expressing very great anxiety to do so, previous to purchasing, as he often promised, the whole collection, and his also paying a small deposit in gold, as a proof of his sincerity and good faith, but now omits either to return, or to pay the owner for same, as per his list of the articles, 37 in number (and of which Lord Cowley also has one), although often demanded and advised that H. I. M. not doing so, as he agreed, prevents another more eligible purchaser's having the collection. The Bonapartes did not omit the 'u' in their signature until 1796. There are many letters of their eldest and most talented sister, Eliza, to her mother and the Emperor about Lucien, also of J. Murat, King of Naples, the husband of the youngest, to the Emperor, from Leipsic. The very important historical papers in this vast collection, which have occupied nearly 40 of the best years of the owner's life to collect, and cost him as many thousands of guineas, could not again be found. It is impossible to write a complete history of England without these MSS., or, of the great Napoleon and of France, during his period, the most important part of her history, for there is nothing of importance connected with every part of his very large, unique family, in which he was not the sole director and governor. The value of a collection so extensive (containing 60,000 pieces or varieties), as regards historical literature and the fine arts, it is hardly possible to estimate too highly, for a great portion of it, manuscripts in particular, could not be again obtained, and should it, without separation, become the property of a State, a nobleman or private gentleman, which the collector most earnestly hopes (although he believes that if he had the courage to have it sold publicly, double its cost would be realized), the possessor of this matchless historical assemblage will be entitled to claim the precedence for it of any other private collection of a similar character in the world; nor is there known to be any public one so historically interesting and complete, or so admirably and systematically arranged, that every article in it can be instantly referred to. Either of these proposals would be entertained for the collection—a sum paid down, an estate, a yearly sum for a stated period; or, a life annuity. Those who are desirous of possessing the great historical collection will please to apply, by letter only, free, with real name and address—For G. H. O., 13 Upper Ranelagh street, Pimlico, London."

TALLEYRAND AND MADAME DE STAEL.

From The "Life of Prince Talleyrand."

TALLEYRAND'S ingratitude toward Madame de Staël may appear inexcusable—it certainly was not in any way creditable. But in extenuation, it may well be borne in mind, that she possessed an excess of that susceptibility, which made her overvalue her success, and never cease bringing her services to the memory of the person obliged. He had never the same high opinion of her which the world professed. He thought her style pedantic and affected, and would complain, when any of her compositions were read to him, of their total want of nature and of true colouring. He was accustomed to say, that those who read the writings might fairly boast of knowing the writer, for that nothing could more resemble Madame de Staël herself than the false, exaggerated sentiments and superficial erudition of her compositions. Of her mother, Madame Necker, he once remarked "She has every virtue, and but one fault, and that is, she is insupportable!" The good lady never forgave his comparing her "to a frigate riding at anchor, and receiving a salute from a friendly power," when she stood upon her own hearth-rug at the Hotel Necker, upon the occasion of her weekly receptions; her ample proportions obscuring the light of the fire, as with pinched-up features and prudish smile, she listened to the compliments of the academicians, whom she assembled but for the delight of her own vanity.

He related to his friends an amusing adventure of Madame de Staël herself, in which he was a party. It occurred upon her first entrance into Parisian Society, before the Revolution, at a rural fête, given by Madame Helvetius in the garden of her château. His account is thus repeated by one of these friends:

"On her first appearance at the réunion, Madame Helvetius had, of course, with well-bred courtesy, paid her most particular attention, but having other guests to welcome, had left her after awhile, to superintend the distribution of the amusements about the grounds. Once or twice she had passed Madame de Staël sitting gloomily on the bench where she had left her, and at last sent Talleyrand to keep her company; but Talleyrand had tact enough to know that, being himself no literary lion, he was no company for Madame de Staël, and so immediately went in quest of society more congenial to her taste. He soon returned, in company with the Abbe Monti, whose poems were at that time the rage all over Europe, and whose coming put the fair authoress in the best of humours. Talleyrand sat down on the bench beside them, in silence, feeling himself quite extinguished by so much talent, and remained a passive listener, anxious for improvement. The conversation was overwhelming with erudition, and then the compliments were poured forth like rain from an April sky—the abbé 'had never reckoned upon so great an honour as that of meeting the first writer of the age;' Madame 'little dreamed when she arose that morning, that the day would be marked by so auspicious an event as the meeting with the abbé.'

"'I have devoured every word that has escaped from Sappho's pen,' said the abbe.

"'I cannot sleep until I read the charming odes from the Italian Tyrtæus,' said the lady.

"'Have you seen my last endeavour?' said the abbé.

"'Alas! not yet,' sighed the lady, 'although report speaks of it more highly than of any which have preceded it.'

"'I have it here!' exclaimed the abbé, eagerly drawing a small volume from his pocket. 'Allow me to present it to you, madame; a poor homage, indeed, to so much genius, but it may prove interesting to one who has had so much success in heroic poetry.'

"'Thanks, thanks,' cried Madame de Staël, seizing the little volume with every demonstration of overpowering gratitude. 'This is indeed a treasure, and will be prized by me far beyond gold or jewels.'

"She turned over the leaves slowly, while the delighted abbé watched her with a charming self-complacency—then suddenly dropping it into her lap, she exclaimed, turning on the abbé a languid glance, 'You were talking of heroic poetry, dear abbé; have you seen my last attempt—a dramatic scene, "l'Exile"—a slight and poor imitation of some of your own?'

"'I have not been so blessed as to obtain a copy,' replied the abbe.

"'How fortunate that I should have one in my reticule!' said Madame, hurriedly seizing the strings of the bag suspended from her arm, and drawing forth a thin volume in boards. The abbé bent low over it as she presented it, and kissing it with reverence, placed it by his side, and the conversation—that is to say, the complimenting—was continued with redoubled vigour.

"Talleyrand then departed, and did not return till the company broke up, when he found that they had both left the bench whereon they had been seated so long together, leaving, however, the 'precious treasures,' which they had received from each other with so much gratitude, behind them! Talleyrand seized upon them with inexpressible delight, thinking that they would furnish matter for innocent jeering, when the loss came to be remembered by either party. But the thing was complete—*they were never sought and never asked for*, and he has them now in his library, and loves to show them as he tells the story of their coming into his possession."

UGLINESS AND BEAUTY.

As we pass through Cheapside, and note the multitudinous ugliness of the crowd, we shall be none the worse if we remember that there is scarcely a door-knocker or griffic of a face, which is not beautiful to some one or other. This is a positive fact, and a very curious fact, too. When you consider that personal beauty is a thing which may be brought almost to the line of the plummet; which is brought (in your drawing-book) to the compasses and the T square; that it is a thing to be judged of by those omnipotent eyes of which we boast so much—"Sir, am I not to believe my eyes?"—and that said eyes can be impartial as well as omnipotent; it will appear a wonder of wonders that love can transform the deformed as it does. How could Mrs. Quilp love her dwarf-fiend of a husband, not finding him repulsively ugly? How can your friend Mrs. Thompson think that wizen-faced or pudding-headed baby of hers beautiful? Is not a petted child very commonly an ugly little imp? Yet, who would dare to tell papa so much, or even so slightly to depreciate the curve of the dear boy's nose?

Nor is this the whole mystery. For everybody knows, as a matter of fact, that human affection has this transforming power; knows that our eyes are not to be trusted when our silly hearts whisper privately to the optic nerve. A knows that B knows, and B knows that A knows that he knows all this, and the rest of the alphabet know it of A and B, and themselves occupy a similar predicament; and yet the mystery goes on. Bacon says that "deformed persons are commonly even with nature," meaning that they are generally malignant and hateful (i.e. full of hate); but may we not say, on the other hand, that the Great Soul of the universe makes it even with the ill-favoured, by anointing them with love, so that it runs down to the very skirts of their garments? When Charlotte Bronte was writing "Jane Eyre," her sisters told her a plain hero and heroine could not be interesting. The world knows better—it knows that never were two human beings in fiction surrounded by so intense an atmosphere of love as Jane and Mr. Rochester. Nor is Lord Bacon's rule without exceptions, for I have known them, and I suspect Mrs. Gaskell's Mr. Benson was drawn from life. And I remember an article in *Chambers's Journal*, specially addressed to the lame and the deformed, assuring them in the kindest terms that they might rely upon it, physical defects would never interfere with anything that goes to make the real value of life. I think I have myself noticed that lame people commonly make very happy marriages, not excluding lame women. So that if this should meet the eye of the most misshapen mortal in the census, I will venture to address him in the language of Longfellow's "Endymion":

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

And the song says—

For every Jack there is a Gill.

And that love is blind is at least as old as Horace, and at least as new as Cowley; as much older and newer as you please. "Let us," said the pagan—

Let us at least in friendship prove as mild
As a fond parent to a favourite child:
If with distorted eyes the urchin glares,
"O, the dear boy, how prettily he stares!"
Is he of dwarfish or abortive size?
"Sweet little moppet!" the fond father cries.
Or, is the unshapen cub deformed and lame?
He kindly lisps him o'er some tender name.

And thus, Mr. Crowley:

Colour or shape, good limbs or face,
Goodness or wit in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.
If tall, the name of proper stays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the light;
If low, her prettiness does please;
If black, what lover loves not night?
The fat with plenty fills my heart;
The lean with love makes me too so;
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart:
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Thus, there are compensations, even though personal beauty is, and always will be, a great tidal influence in human affairs; and neither age nor wisdom can emancipate a man wholly from its power. It is the same story, from Sampson to Antony, and from Antony to our own glorious Nelson. Yet it is clear that beauty can only bespeak love; cannot fix it beyond the period of its own duration. Eager youth will not believe it, but it is as certain as arithmetic, that beauty only is no foundation for a lasting attachment.—*Tait's Magazine.*

Equalize thy temper; excel in good works; be just, vigorous and firm.

AN GUDE TURN DESERVES ANITHER.

Ye maunna be proud, although ye be great,
The puirest bodie is still your brither;
The king may come in the cadger's gate;
An gude turn deserves anither.

The hale o' us rise frae the same cauld clay,
An hour we bloom, an hour we wither;
Let ilk help ither to climb the brae;
An gude turn deserves anither.

The highest amang us are unco wee,
Frae Heaven we get a' our gifts thegither;
Hoard na, man, what ye get nae free;
An gude turn deserves anither.

Life is a weary journey alang,
Blythe's the road when we wend wi' ither;
Mutual gi'ing is mutual gain;
An gude turn deserves anither.

—*From "Poems," by James Ballantine.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

GREENOUGH brought me, through a common friend, an invitation from Mr. Landor, who lived at San Dominica di Fiesole. On the 15th of May I dined with Mr. Landor. I found him noble and courteous, living in a crowd of pictures at his Villa Gherardesca, a fine house commanding a beautiful landscape. I had inferred from his books, or magnified from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath—an untamable petulance. I do not know whether the imputation were just or not, but certainly on this May day his courtesy veiled that haughty mind, and he was the most patient and gentle of hosts. He praised the beautiful cyclamen which grows all about Florence; he admired Washington; talked of Wordsworth, Byron, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher. To be sure, he is decided in his opinions, likes to surprise, and is well content to impress, if possible, his English whim upon the immutable past. No great man ever had a great son, if Philip and Alexander be not an exception; and Philip he calls the greater man. In art, he loves the Greeks, and in sculpture, them only. He prefers the Venus to everything else, and, after that, the head of Alexander, in the gallery here. He prefers John of Bologna to Michael Angelo; in painting, Raffaelle; and shares the growing taste for Perugino and the early masters. The Greek histories he thought the only good; and after them, Voltaire's. I could not make him praise Mackintosh, nor my more recent friends; Montaigne very cordially—and Charron also, which seemed undiscriminating. He thought Degerando indebted to "Lucas on Happines" and "Lucas on Holiness"! He pestered me with Southey: but who is Southey?

He invited me to breakfast on Friday. On Friday I did not fail to go, and this time with Greenough. He entertained us at once with reciting half a dozen hexameter lines of Julius Cæsar's!—from Donatus, he said. He glorified Lord Chesterfield more than was necessary, and undervalued Burke, and undervalued Socrates; designated as three of the greatest of men, Washington, Phocion, and Timoleon; much as our pomologists in their lists, select the three or the six best pears "for a small orchard;" and did not even omit to remark the similar termination of their names. "A great man," he said, "should make great sacrifices, and kill his hundred oxen, without knowing whether they would be consumed by gods and heroes, or whether the flies would eat them." I had visited Professor Amici, who had shown me his microscopes, magnifying (it was said) two thousand diameters; and I spoke of the uses to which they were applied. Landor despised entomology, yet, in the same breath, said, "the sublime was in a grain of dust." I suppose I teased him about recent writers, but he professed never to have heard of Herschel, *not even by name*. One room was full of pictures, which he likes to show, especially one piece, standing before which, he said "he would give fifty guineas to the man that would swear it was a Domenichino." I was more curious to see his library, but Mr. H——, one of the guests, told me that Mr. Landor gives away his books, and has never more than a dozen at a time in his house.

Mr. Landor carries to its height the love of freak which the English delight to indulge, as if to signalize their commanding freedom. He has a wonderful brain, despotic, violent, and inexhaustible, meant for a soldier, by what chance converted to letters, in which there is not a style nor a tint not known to him, yet with an English appetite for action and heroes. The thing done avails, and not what is said about it. An original sentence, a step forward, is worth more than all the censures. Landor is strangely undervalued in England; usually ignored; and sometimes savagely attacked in the Reviews. The criticism may be right, or wrong, and is quickly forgotten; but year after year the scholar must still go back to Landor for a multitude of elegant sentences—for wisdom, wit, and indignation that are unforgetable.—*Emerson's "English Traits."*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A curious table, which is given for the first time in the Irish census, looks like an indication of the approaching extinction of the Irish language. Less than five per cent. of the population have returned themselves as ignorant of English, and not a fourth of the whole are able to speak the original language of their country.

——SUCCESS OF "DRED" IN SCOTLAND.—We believe there has been more excitement among the booksellers to secure an early supply of "Dred" than was ever known before about any book. In fact, so much is this the case, that two Stirling booksellers have nearly gone to fisticuffs about the matter. We understand that nearly 8,000 copies have already passed through the hands of an Edinburgh bookseller. As an instance of the speed of the present age, we may state that an order for 1,000 copies telegraphed for at three o'clock on Saturday, was executed by the arrival of the parcel on Monday morning at ten o'clock.—*North Briton.*

——WHAT DICKENS DOES N'T WRITE.—It has been the popular habit to attribute all the best papers in *Household Words* to Dickens, but the London *Literary Journal* says that this is a great mistake. The writers for that periodical all imitate his style, but there is rarely anything from his pen published in its pleasant pages. Some of the tales of the "Holly Tree Inn," the new Christmas book, are very much in his style, but the same authority shows that he did not even write the delightful little story of the childish runaway match to Gretna Green. It was from the pen of Mr. G. A. Sala. A series of twelve new stories by Charles Dickens, collected from *Household Words*, has lately been translated and published in Paris, and eight of the twelve were by other writers. The privilege of making use of Dickens's name in *Household Words* is a valuable one, for which he is doubtless paid handsomely; but there are probably a dozen others who write more regularly and more frequently for it than he does.

——HEINRICH HEINE AND HIS MOTHER.—"So, she is still living, the 'old lady by the Dammthor?'" (her poetical appellation.) "Yes," he replied, "old, and sick, and infirm, but with the same warm mother's heart." "And you write often to her?" "Regularly once a month." "She must be very unhappy on account of your condition?" "My condition!" echoed Heine; "oh, as for that, our